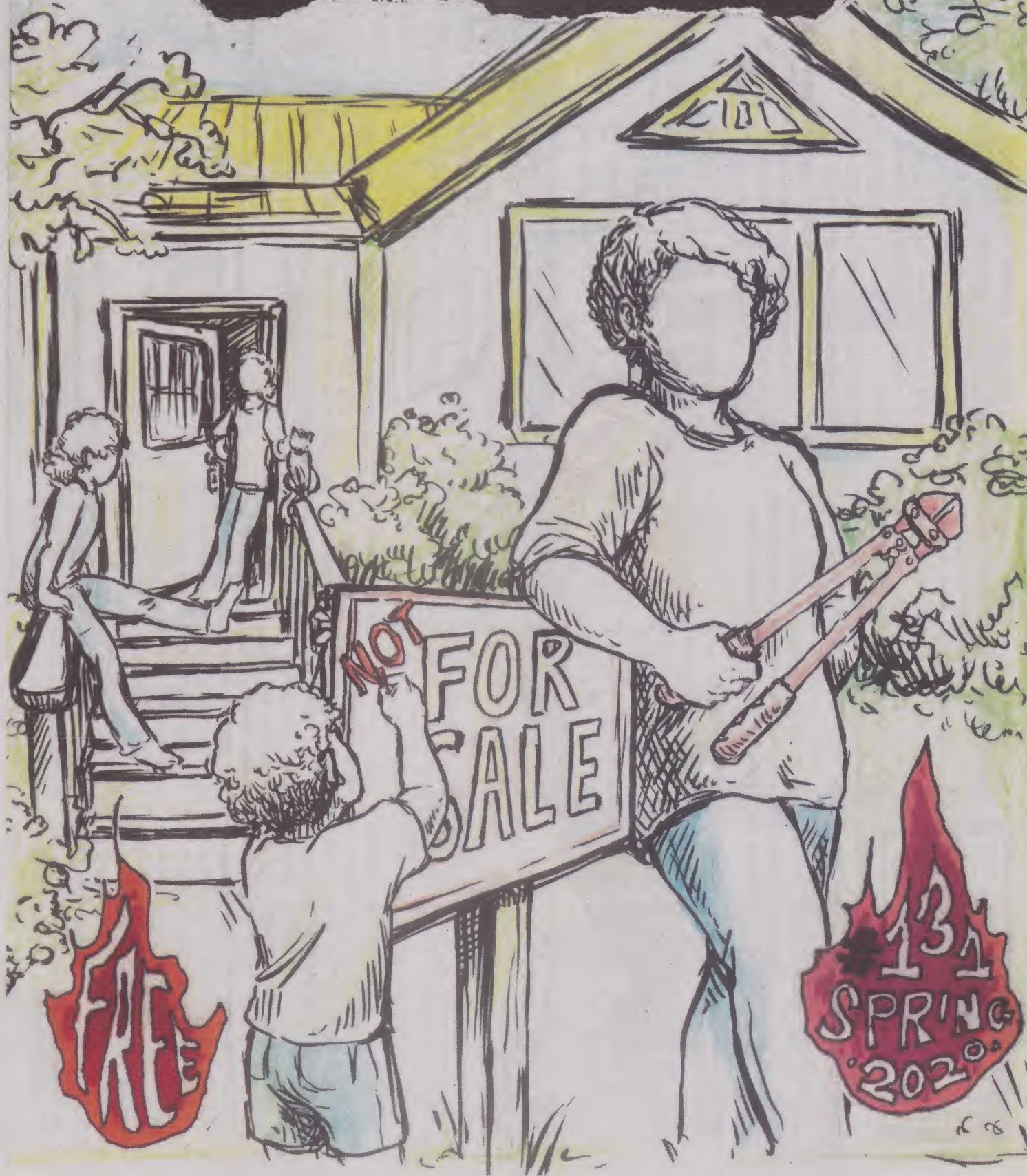


413

SLINGSHOT



131
SPRING
2020

SLINGSHOT

THE Grief OF

GENTRIFICATION

By Gnat

"Fuck this city". My best friend of twelve years, Luz, is full of rage at our hometown. Her family lived in a small apartment in the Mission district of San Francisco and their landlord sued them, claiming their belongings were a "fire hazard". They contacted Causa Justa and San Francisco Tenants Union for help. Two months after a furious clean-up effort was underway, they lost the case and were evicted from their home of 36 years.

Prior to the trial, Luz had attempted suicide and her therapist advised her to stay in the psychiatric ward. When I found out on Halloween night, I broke down crying. Many of Luz's friends and working-class neighbors are being systematically displaced. In the Mission, the diaspora of Chicano, Caribbean, Central and South American immigrants came in the mid-20th century and revitalized the spirit of the city before gentrification. Luz's family holds strong roots: her father teaches music classes at the Mission Cultural Center, her mother

the cultural center, passing out cinnamon hot chocolate mixed with corn husks, and breads shaped like skeletons. Her dad calls me, "my second daughter". It makes me very sad to imagine their family gone from the Mission.

What has happened to San Francisco? My generation is living with our parents, or splitting rent amongst many roommates while working two jobs. We are the lucky ones. There are many more, California locals, who are living out of vans, wooden shelters and tents on the street, battling the elements and a society who wishes they disappeared. This city and its prosperous neighbors, Oakland and Berkeley, prefer to sweep the blocks, destroying belongings, acting like the homeless should be criminalized for their state of being. San Francisco was a haven: for the Hippies, the LGBTQ+ movement, cultural neighborhoods from Chinatown to the Fillmore district of black jazz, and so much more. Now, it welcomes affluent travelers, but treats the counter-culture as a novelty of a bygone era.

CHILE

DESPERTÓ

CONFRONTING THE VIOLENT LEGACY OF NEOLIBERALISM

by Cinthya Muñoz

One of my first memories as a young child in southern Chile was my father scolding me for saying the word "democracy". Walking down a street in our small town, I asked him what democracy meant. He looked around nervously and sternly said, "don't repeat that word." It was the 80s and we were living in Pinochet's authoritative dictatorship. Though Chile transitioned into a democratic government in the 90s, the legacy of his dictatorship lives on in the form of policies that have created deep socio-economic inequality.

of a gun, during Pinochet's bloody seventeen-year dictatorship. What we are witnessing today is a confrontation with this violent legacy of neoliberal capitalism.

Protests were met with police and military repression and human rights abuses that feel all-too familiar to those of us whose families lived through the dictatorship. A few days into the protests I received a text from my cousin in southern Chile. It was 1am and she was hiding from police in the restaurant where she works. "I'm terrified. I can't go home," she said, "the roads are blocked and they are shooting at people point blank. We're in a dictatorship."

GENTRIFICATION

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Change on its own is
inevitable, but is
different from injustice.

knows all the church ladies, and she and her brother frequent flea markets to support their resale business at conventions.

We were both born and raised in this city. We've been involved in each other's cultural backgrounds since we met in high school. She signs up every year to be a vendor at my synagogue's Hanukkah Crafts Fair, enjoying *tchotchkes* like the "Mensch on a Bench" while we sell a variety of handmade gifts. We would volunteer together during *Dia de los Muertos* at

Last month, my friends and I were at a bar following a meal at one of the coziest Vietnamese restaurants still around. As I watched a television, someone started a conversation. "Where'd you grow up?", he asked, and I answered, "the Sunset", a quiet gridded neighborhood west of Twin Peaks. His eyes got large, and he said, "Can I touch you? Are you real?", while delivering a poke to my

Continued on Page 14



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Since October 18th of 2019, people across Chile have been flooding the streets to demand equality and dignity in the form of improved health care, pensions, wages, and education. High school students ignited the protests shortly after the Chilean government announced a 4 cent subway fare increase. Although students are exempt from the fare hike, they began jumping over turnstiles in solidarity with their family members.

According to the UN Development Program, 33% of the income generated by the Chilean economy is acquired by the richest 1% of the population. The 4 cent metro fare increase was the drop that spilled the glass.

They are demonstrating against structural adjustment policies, introduced at the point

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Protests were met with police and military repression and human rights abuses that feel all-too familiar to those of us whose families lived through the dictatorship. A few days into the protests I received a text from my cousin in southern Chile. It was 1am and she was hiding from police in the restaurant where she works. "I'm terrified. I can't go home," she said, "the roads are blocked and they are shooting at people point blank. We're in a dictatorship."

A few days later I received a voice message from my friend in the capital city of Santiago. He was at a peaceful protest and cops tried to arrest him. He ran several blocks and hid from them. He told me that he left his ID at home, "if they had caught me, you wouldn't have seen me again." Chileans know what law enforcement is capable of, it is part of our collective memory of Pinochet's dictatorship.

Pinochet's military coup in 1973 initiated the first worldwide experiment with neoliberal state formation. Following advice from economists trained under Milton Friedman at the University of Chicago, Pinochet restructured the economy by privatizing public assets, opening up natural

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THE FUTURE IS NOW

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AT THE HOTEL VILLAHERMOSA

INSIDE AN IMMIGRATION DETENTION CENTER

The first thing I noticed when I entered the room, were the clothes. Hundreds of shirts, socks, shorts, ragged and wet, hanging flat against the walls. Straight in front of me, items dangling from an unplugged orange extension cord that looked like an oversized noose.

And then I saw the men.

They were laid out like cordwood, two men to each tiny 3-inch thick mattress placed directly on the tiled floor. As we entered at 1 A.M., many arose because, despite the late hour, the lights in the windowless room blared oppressively. A few even stood up and walked over to us with a warm greeting. After all, we were going to be joining them in just a

moment. Simply more prisoners caught up in the international immigration system.

We were in the Estación Migratoria de Villahermosa. A small building in the capital city of the state of Tabasco, found on the Southern end of the Gulf of México.

From the outside, the structure appeared to be nothing more than a garage. A large grey sliding door obscuring the horrifying reality contained within.

I was certainly not the norm. A single Canadian with expired papers in a sea of upwards of 300 men, women, babies, and teenagers traveling without parents. Most were from Central America, chiefly Honduras and El

Salvador, but there was also a smattering of folks from Cuba, Venezuela and other Latin American countries. During my intake interview in the office I was careful to note a poster made by the Instituto Nacional de Migración (INM) outlining our rights as migration prisoners--rights that I would see systematically ignored during my stay.

Nearly everyone was in the same situation: striving to get to the United States or Canada to be able to work and send money home to their families. All now in stasis. Caught and knowing they would eventually be deported, but in the dark about when or how that would come to pass. In one case, I saw a man

collapse in on himself, tears streaming down his face, as he recalled his daughter on the phone a moment earlier asking him where he was and when he would be home to hug her.

There was another group though, a clump of bodies huddled together in a corner that stood out starkly. They were African men, non-Spanish speakers, most from Cameroon, with a few from Ghana.

The Cameroonians are part of a huge contingent of English-speakers from that country fleeing a civil war that has raged since 2017. The journey is harrowing: first escaping on foot to Nigeria, then flying to Ecuador, then

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SLINGSHOT

Slingshot is an independent radical newspaper published in Berkeley since 1988.

In the Bay Area right now, the houselessness crisis is getting so bad that it feels just like the climate crisis — like it is hard to imagine it getting any worse, but yet every day, it does. Walking through town, the ever-expanding tent cities stand in contrast to the trendy housing developments and rent increases (#rentcooties). But while addressing climate chaos feels like an unsurmountable challenge, the housing affordability crisis shouldn't be. It just takes sharing resources more justly — everyone should have one house before anyone gets two.

But the world isn't like that yet. As *Slingshot* went to press, sheriffs with AR-15s and tanks evicted 4 moms who had been openly squatting an investor owned empty home for 2 months. The Moms for Housing remind us not to blame each other for the struggle to survive in the Bay, but to blame the corporations manipulating the market — and to call it what it is, an affordability crisis! Let the speculators get so pissed, they take an Uber to a Starbucks!

While we are busy on the frontlines of struggles from houselessness to climate catastrophe, electoral politics threaten to totally distract us from what really matters. Does anyone know about any riots or protests planned against major-party conventions this year?

This year, we remember the 30th year since Judi Bari was bombed and nearly killed right here in Oakland, and was accused by the FBI of bombing herself. Judi's spirit keeps us fighting in the woods and in the courts. Meanwhile, during this issue's production, MOVE member and Black Panther Delbert Africa was released from prison after over 40 years — the sixth MOVE comrade released in the past year.

GETTING in the Way

Mattole forest defense continues

By E.E.Z.

Out on the verdant slopes of Rainbow Ridge in Northern California, forest defenders have been keeping busy doing what we do best — getting in the way. Our nemesis, Humboldt Redwood Company (HRC), is trying to plunder yet another tributary of the beloved Mattole river under the guise of “sustainable” logging. (Read about past resistance in *Slingshot* #130).

In November 2019 we slowed work down, blocking roads, putting our bodies in the way and documenting the devastating reality of an active logging site. HRC called in their

We know that Rainbow is a microcosm for what is happening all over the world, as people who love and depend on the land struggle against corporate, extractive industry. Greenwashed marketing, which HRC uses extensively, is more and more prevalent as corporations try to appeal to growing public consciousness around climate chaos and the sixth mass extinction. It is imperative that we resist these narratives as we call for true sustainable solutions.

Do you hate cops and billionaires? Love massive oak and fir trees, tiny

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own security goons, plus their buddies — Humboldt County sheriffs, private militarized security, and State Parks cops — to try to maintain business as usual. Some of us got arrested, spent time in jail, and are facing a slew of misdemeanors (stay tuned for our trials this spring, which should be lively). We delayed work up until wet weather ended the logging season, but this area will be under threat as soon as spring comes, and we'll be fighting for it.

endangered orchids, arboreal rodents, and cold, salmon bearing streams? Join us in defense of these creatures and their global relevance in this age of habitat fragmentation.

Follow what's happening on social media: Instagram: @blockade.babes, facebook: Save The Mattole Ancient Forests [savethemattolesancientforest.com](https://www.facebook.com/savethemattolesancientforest.com) Earth First! Humboldt supports forest defenders. Contact us: efhum@riseup.net

PROTECT

TSAKIYUWIT

By a Hoary bat

While we were on Rainbow battling bulldozers, our comrades were fighting hard against a proposed mega wind farm on nearby Tsakiyuwit (Bear River Ridge) and Monument Ridge. A broad coalition of indigenous folks, local residents, and environmentalists, led by Wiyot tribal elders, prevented the project from being approved by County officials through an outpouring of public opposition and thorough critiques of the corporate lies and greenwashing in the project proposal. One County Supervisor expressed fear that the project would incite a “Humboldt County Standing Rock”. This fight has sparked necessary discussions in our community about how we can transition toward decentralized, community-driven renewable energy.

Use your Extra Day to Declare Climate Emergency and keep carbon in the ground

Sean Day Action

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Making *Slingshot* is a respite from environmental devastation, repression and corporate bullshit because it feels like we are doing something, but it's still so inadequate in the face of the big yuck. Just a few weeks ago, after a US drone killed an Iranian general, one collective member found themselves crying over an encrypted call with relatives in Iran, fearing deadly international conflict manufactured by the ruling class. Shit is hitting the fan on all levels. We have to find joy in small things, like one collective member who is 7 years old doing circus arts while we are doing layout, in the inside jokes shared with the people beside us in the body blockade, or in storytelling about freebox scores.

Even if you don't think of yourself as a writer, consider authoring a piece for *Slingshot*. We aren't writers, either! The best articles are about a subject the author is directly engaged in. If you send an article, please be open to editing.

We're a collective, but not all the articles reflect the opinions of all collective members. We welcome debate and constructive criticism.

Thanks to the people who made this: Adam, Alina, Cat, Dickie, egg, Fern, Gerald, Ingrid, Isabel, Jesse, Lazer, Nyx, Rachelle, Renee, Lucy, Sylvia, Tolia and all the authors.

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Use your Extra Day to Declare Climate Emergency and keep carbon in the ground

Leap Day Action

extravagant spectacle, roving street party and blockade

For life, beauty and joy & against eco-destroying robber barons!

SATURDAY

FEB. 29

GATHER Berkeley BART station plaza 2 pm

- *Roam downtown visiting, decorating and disrupting banks and corporations*
- *Build zero waste compostable altars for the 1 billion dead animals at each target*
- *Dress as an Australian or Amazonian animal*
- *Marching band / mobile bike sound system*

Bring disguises, decorations,
musical instruments, pogo sticks,
your heart and dreams

KEY

NUMBERS

To help create this event and for updates:

leapdayaction.org / leapdayaction2020@protonmail.com / FB: Leapday Action 2020 Berkeley

**The earth is not dying
- it is being killed.
The corporations killing
it have locations near you
(including in Berkeley)**

TO OUR INCARCERATED SUBSCRIBERS

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Slingshot New Volunteer Meeting

Volunteers interested in getting involved with *Slingshot* can come to the new volunteer meeting on Sunday August 16, 2020 at 7 pm at the Long Haul in Berkeley (see below.)

Article Deadline & Next Issue Date

Submit your articles for issue 132 by September 12, 2020 at 3 pm.

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KEY NUMBERS

To help create this event and for updates:
leapdayaction.org / leapdayaction2020@protonmail.com / FB: Leapday Action 2020 Berkeley

TO OUR INCARCERATED SUBSCRIBERS

What we do: We provide free subscriptions to incarcerated individuals in the US who request them. Note that *Slingshot* only gets published 2-4 times a year so there will probably be a delay of some months between when you write us and when you get the paper. If you will only be at your current location for less than 3 months, it probably doesn't make sense to write.

We accept submissions of art and articles from incarcerated subscribers. We don't publish poetry or fiction, and only run personal narratives or stories about your case if they are framed within radical analysis. We can only publish a fraction of what we receive.

What we don't do: we are unable to provide penpals, legal aid/advice, financial assistance, literature besides *Slingshot*, or

respond to requests for other kinds of help. Usually, we can't even personally write you back, though we read your words and appreciate the thoughts and stories you share. We cannot use JPay or other inmate email services. Unless otherwise noted, the addresses associated with zines we review or radical spaces listed are unlikely to be able to respond to prisoner correspondence.

Other resources: Folks inside get a free resource guide from Prison Activist Resource Center PO Box 70447 Oakland, CA 94612.

Comrades on the outside: We receive 5-10 letters from incarcerated folks every day. We welcome help reading this mountain of mail and processing subscription requests!

SUBVERTING THE SYSTEM FROM WITHIN

Life of a Paper Wrencher

By Charles Winston

When I say the word "activist," what image comes to mind? People locking arms around a pipeline? Protesters being hosed down in Birmingham, Alabama? Hippies occupying a tree canopy with signs to protect the forest? When I hear the word, I think of Greenpeace oil rig blockades, the Zapatista guerillas, large plumes of teargas funneling through a metropolis, and a million other things. About the last thing I think of is a business suit at City Hall.

I'm here to hopefully spark your interest in the least exciting form of activism of all: pencil-pushing, time-wasting, form-submitting, "diplomatic" floor-debating, legal-posturing, civic-engaging monotony. Or what one friend has recently described as "paper wrenching." This phrase was published in the Earth First! Direct Action Manual in 1997. The very idea, the very imagery itself, is about as exciting as a W-2 form. I'm here with the hope that you might find enlivening activist work within this strange bureaucratic web of nonsense that I navigate. Although it's not for everyone, I hope to inspire your curiosity, or enlist your support for the work that myself and others do.

Not everyone can (hashtag)occupy the

going to meetings at City Hall, I was amazed to find how few activists (zero) attended them. Day in and day out I found a panel of council members deciding the fate of the community without so much as a peep of public comment opposition. It makes sense, as City Hall is designed to be imposing, uncomfortable, and to feel like a complete waste of time. I expected all of these things, but what I found was also something very different...

Facing down the enemy, you get to learn a lot about how they think and operate. At the end of the day, these are people too- they have their own lives and agendas, their own loves and hates, and their own vision of "progress." What I've learned to do is to simply be a translator. To speak their language and to communicate radical opposition within that language. I work as a translator between City Hall and the community itself, publishing information and fighting for transparency. I

and which ones to send a single representative. I'm that chameleon on the inside, looking like the next idiot in a business suit but giving the politicians and the pencil-pushers a lot of hell every step of the way.

For whatever reason, I found myself highly adaptable to this environment. My background has given me the tools to "infiltrate" this pseudo-democracy to try to turn it into real democracy. In the process, I've learned to appreciate the things I used to hate without compromise. I've learned to appreciate some of the things that government *gasp* does correctly, to appreciate some of the benefits of our activist forefights' gains. I learned to see what America can be, if it really had a chance to live up to the ideals that some people believe in.

As an internationalist, it's a strange way to feel. As someone who has mocked patriotism at every opportunity, it's an interesting new

frequently, and strategizing for how to confront the rest of the beast. In the "nonprofit" world, these are the people that work in low-pay legal defense (i.e. National Lawyers Guild), privacy protection law (i.e. Electronic Frontier Foundation), tenants rights groups, homeless services, etc.. At City Hall, these people could be literally in any department and in any branch, doing their best to keep the insanity in check.

To say that these people are "unsung heroes" is an understatement to the nth degree. Imagine spending decades of your life confined to a soulless cubicle surrounded by coworkers that are bigots and racists, fighting day in and day out to protect the lives and well-being of the most oppressed and marginalized people, to work lethargic long-hours with a room full stacked paper and a computer screen, to see all your coworkers get promoted and massive public praise for their exploitative policies while you fight to barely keep your (increasingly agonizing) job, all for moderate to shit pay.

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Not everyone can (hashtag)occupy the federal building, the oil refinery, or smash a window (if that's your thing). In the egoist culture of one-ups-manship it's easy to judge each other for not "going all the way" and becoming the ultimate martyr for the cause. Self-care, preservation, and activism look different for different people, though.

Some activists may prioritize raising a child as a single parent, others might be on parole or dodging a warrant. Some might be overcoming addiction or have debilitating PTSD (especially from police abuse), some might be disabled and some might be just plain scared. Whatever the reason, I share a deep respect for all of my comrades. I love the people that are out there "defacing" property (wait, property has a face?) and challenging authority in the streets just as much as I love to know people phone banking. Smashing the state takes on 1,000,001 forms.

When I look at the activist community today, I see a large divide between the paper wrenchers and the direct-actioners; between the people locking their arms to cement blocks and the people that block the arms of the State. My goal is to get these two groups to work and support one another: to love and respect each other so that we can fight for a better world together.

Being a paper-wrencher is an entirely different reality of activism than the yelling-in-the streets-at-police-barricades kinda work that I used to do. I love both equally, but personal circumstances have made the later kind of activism a lot more unlikely. For a time, I

designed to be imposing, uncomfortable, and to feel like a complete waste of time. I expected all of these things, but what I found was also something very different...

Facing down the enemy, you get to learn a lot about how they think and operate. At the end of the day, these are people too- they have their own lives and agendas, their own loves and hates, and their own vision of "progress." What I've learned to do is to simply be a translator. To speak their language and to communicate radical opposition within that language. I work as a translator between City Hall and the community itself, publishing information and fighting for transparency. I work to expose the idiocy of "public" policy, the disenfranchisement and marginalization of people's, the lack of outreach, and the lack of inclusion. Most of all though, I guess I'm just a giant thorn in the ass of all the bureaucrats. Most of them had a clean slate and a blank check before I arrived on the scene.

The beauty about engaging through these (often tedious) paper wrenching processes, is that it's often irrelevant whether or not you "win" or "lose" at a particular hearing. The goal of bureaucracy and the job bureaucrats is to induce apathy and depression. To wear you down with paperwork and make you mush

through a bunch of nonsense so that, on the outside, it looks like you just didn't care enough to use the "democratic" process. If you abandon the process they have available, then they (City Hall and nonprofit bureaucrats) get to act like the "good guys" holding the door open - you're just too lazy to go through.

One of my goals as a paper wrenching is to expose the facade of this false Western "democracy." In truth, the door is *actually* behind several feet of infrared lasers, barbed wire, security cameras, and attack dogs. Just ask women like Angie E. and Kylie A. who spoke out against sexual violence in the film *It Happened Here* by Lisa Jackson. This documentary, released in 2014, covers the painfully sociopathic response of the bureaucrats at Amherst, Vanderbilt, and other Ivy League universities in response to reports of sexual assault on campus. In disgusting

For whatever reason, I found myself highly adaptable to this environment. My background has given me the tools to "infiltrate" this pseudo-democracy to try to turn it into real democracy. In the process, I've learned to appreciate the things I used to hate without compromise. I've learned to appreciate some of the things that government *gasp* does correctly, to appreciate some of the benefits of our activist forefathers' gains. I learned to see what America can be, if it really had a chance to live up to the ideals that some people believe in.

As an internationalist, it's a strange way to feel. As someone who has mocked patriotism at every opportunity, it's an interesting new lens of compassion. Not that I'm about to go marching in the Fourth of July anytime soon (I prefer to read Frederick Douglass' speech to the abolitionists on that day), but I can see why other people do. As a translator, I feel like I can sometimes see the intricacies beneath the conflicts that wage everywhere in this class war and environmental siege. Sometimes, you find out things can improve by opening a dialogue. And sometimes you just get to clog up and work to defuse the ticking time bomb that is the PTB (Powers That Be).

Bureaucracy is a dangerous cloning machine though, I do have to caution people against that. Anyone that works in city government has to fight day in and day out not to be consumed by the legitimized exploitation of "public" policy. This applies to "nonprofits" as well, which prey upon the compassionate and very human desire to "do good while making a living at it". These are nefarious systems that are constantly evolving (or devolving) to consume as many souls as they can. For this reason, and many others, people that work in this trite little necktie world are labeled as "sellouts" "hacks" and "spin doctors." Most of them, of course, are exactly that. But the question is, which ones aren't and which ones are capable of change?

One thing I've learned as a paper wrencher is that people that do this kind of work "on the inside" are extremely isolated from the rest of the activist community (including me). It's tragic, really, because the people fighting this uphill battle (sometimes for decades) tap out

confined to a soulless cubicle surrounded by coworkers that are bigots and racists, fighting day in and day out to protect the lives and well-being of the most oppressed and marginalized people, to work lethargic long-hours with a room full stacked paper and a computer screen, to see all your coworkers get promoted and massive public praise for their exploitative policies while you fight to barely keep your (increasingly agonizing) job, all for moderate to shit pay.

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I'm not saying this is harder than the millions of sacrifices that activists make every day, but it is a sacrifice rarely ever thought of. An activist without solidarity can quickly rot and die, just like a bean sprout without a trellis. I share these thoughts with the hope that we can support all of our brothers and sisters who struggle against the machine, inside and out. Not necessarily because of some moralistic

each other for not "going all the way" and becoming the ultimate martyr for the cause. Self-care, preservation, and activism look different for different people, though.

Some activists may prioritize raising a child as a single parent, others might be on parole or dodging a warrant. Some might be overcoming addiction or have debilitating PTSD (especially from police abuse), some might be disabled and some might be just plain scared. Whatever the reason, I share a deep respect for all of my comrades. I love the people that are out there "defacing" property (wait, property has a face?) and challenging authority in the streets just as much as I love to know people phone banking. Smashing the state takes on 1,000,001 forms.

When I look at the activist community today, I see a large divide between the paper wrenchers and the direct-actioners; between the people locking their arms to cement blocks and the people that block the arms of the State. My goal is to get these two groups to work and support one another: to love and respect each other so that we can fight for a better world together.

Being a paper-wrencher is an entirely different reality of activism than the yelling-in-the streets-at-police-barricades kinda work that I used to do. I love both equally, but personal circumstances have made the later kind of activism a lot more unlikely. For a time, I thought I would quit being an activist, since I never believed that paper wrenching (going to City Hall meetings, filing forms, etc.) was really "activism." It seemed like a façade and a tool of the oppressors, which it often is.

However, I've also grown to appreciate paper wrenching in ways that people might not realize or know much about. So much of the deplorable and draconian laws that are passed, so many of the drastic changes made in policy that affect our everyday lives are done with such an incredibly small amount of bureaucratic resistance. When I first started

inclusion. Most of all though, I guess I'm just a giant thorn in the ass of all the bureaucrats. Most of them had a clean slate and a blank check before I arrived on the scene.

The beauty about engaging through these (often tedious) paper wrenching processes, is that it's often irrelevant whether or not you "win" or "lose" at a particular hearing. The goal of bureaucracy and the job bureaucrats is to induce apathy and depression. To wear you down with paperwork and make you mush

through a bunch of nonsense so that, on the outside, it looks like you just didn't care enough to use the "democratic" process. If you abandon the process they have available, then they (City Hall and nonprofit bureaucrats) get to act like the "good guys" holding the door open - you're just too lazy to go through.

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I translate "legaleez" jargon for the community and relay how people can be more engaged in civic life, letting them know which meetings are a complete waste of time and which ones are not; which ones to protest at

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One thing I've learned as a paper wrencher is that people that do this kind of work "on the inside" are extremely isolated from the rest of the activist community (including me). It's tragic, really, because the people fighting this uphill battle (sometimes for decades) tap out and quit, resign, or otherwise retreat from the world. Bureaucracy is a desert without humanity breathing love, music, and passion into it. It's like you're playing CPR with your soul every day, knowing that you're doing the right thing and that you'll never be thanked for it, or feel the "Solidarity Forever" vibes that come from being in the picket line.

Working "on the inside" you learn about the 'cheat sheet' though - the people who are actually fighting against the bureaucratic madness in support of the community. These people are the rare few that I spend my time personally checking in with, emailing

hate without compromise. I've learned to appreciate some of the things that government *gasp* does correctly, to appreciate some of the benefits of our activist forefathers' gains. I learned to see what America can be, if it really had a chance to live up to the ideals that some people believe in.

I'm not saying this is harder than the millions of sacrifices that activists make every day, but it is a sacrifice rarely ever thought of. An activist without solidarity can quickly rot and die, just like a bean sprout without a trellis. I share these thoughts with the hope that we can support all of our brothers and sisters who struggle against the machine, inside and out. Not necessarily because of some moralistic sentimentality, but because that's one way that we keep the movement alive (and growing!)

I hope to encourage you to attend a meeting at your local City Hall sometime. Learn how your local government works, how it responds to protests and how it organizes itself. Learn your enemy. Learn who are the chameleons on the inside engaged in the complex theatrics of "public" policy, fighting for you possibly without you even knowing it. Spread the solidarity branches and intertwine the roots. Together, we can wrangle the weapons from our oppressors and make this world a more compassionate and loving place.

PLANETARY HARM REDUCTION

By AppleJax & P. Wingnut

Everyone can agree that putting carbon into the atmosphere is really, really bad. But we need to be strategic if we want to actually successfully steer humanity away from this behavior—and steer us away fast enough to make a difference!

The trouble with
the abstinence
approach



For many years, I've been part of activist efforts to combat climate change, and a lot of our organizing energy has been directed towards what I call the "abstinence approach" to carbon emissions. When we use the abstinence approach, we spend all of our organizing energy trying to get people to stop doing things. For example, efforts to convince people to stop driving, stop flying, etc.

This approach fails to take into account

everyone to stop driving—and even with millennials supposedly driving less—over 90% of American households are still driving!

— A majority of Americans still purchase goods every week that are shipped from over 100 miles away, meaning carbon had to be burned to get those goods to them.

— There are more airplanes in the sky now than there have ever been.

We need better, smarter, more strategic approaches that factor in human behavior. This is why I would like to suggest that we take time to learn from the activist communities who have been working on an approach regarding drug addiction known as Harm Reduction. This has a more realistic chance of leading to a swifter end to carbon emissions once and for all.

About the Harm Reduction Approach



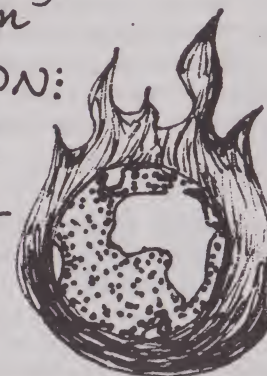
Rather than just commanding someone to quit, harm reduction *tries to make drug use safer*. This does two things: (1) discussing drug use more openly reduces the stigma surrounding drug use, which ultimately

What's wild about this is that in the 1980s, Portugal was using an abstinence approach to drug use, and during that time, it had one of the highest addiction rates in the world: an estimated 1 in 10 people were addicted to heroin while the government was issuing shame-based statements like "Just say No!" and "Drugs are Satan."

Shaming people often backfires. Harm reduction and non-shaming approaches are the way to go!

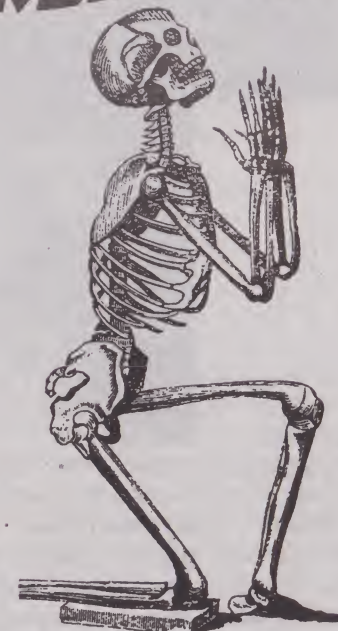
How to apply
the harm
REDUCTION:

THE
PLANET



There is no safe level of carbon emissions — the world has to get to zero emissions which requires changing almost all current technological and economic systems. But just like how it is better to be using clean needles in a supervised injection site while you're addicted to heroin,

WE USE A LITTLE
MAGIC



This isn't a perfect analogy but the crux is avoiding abstinence / extreme thinking about carbon use. Its causing a lot of people to shut down and tune out *rather than change*. Rather than trying to convince people who currently don't know how to live without cars and flying and factory farming to change *all* their habits at once, its better to make fossil fuel dependence less harmful. **Some tips for transitioning to a harm reduction approach to carbon emissions:**

— Avoid shame and shaming language about specific tech usage. This makes it more likely that a person will disengage from dialogues about their usage.
— Use compassionate language about carbon-burning. This can be hard, especially when you see so clearly how harmful carbon-burning is to everyone on this planet. But approaching a carbon user with

the abstinence approach



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This approach fails to take into account the complexity of human behavior and is similar to other knee-jerk abstinence approaches, such as when religious people demand full sexual abstinence, or people who demand that drug addicts immediately quit cold-turkey. "Stop, stop, stop," is the message we're sending out.

The trouble with this approach is that sociological and psychological studies show that it *simply doesn't work*. Doctrines that push for abstinence are ineffective at best, and backfire at worst.



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About the Harm Reduction Approach



Rather than just commanding someone to quit, harm reduction *tries to make drug use safer*. This does two things: (1) discussing drug use more openly reduces the stigma surrounding drug use, which ultimately makes it easier for the person to take responsibility for their own behavior or ask for help without being judged, and (2) it reduces the harm to the person and others caused by the drug usage.

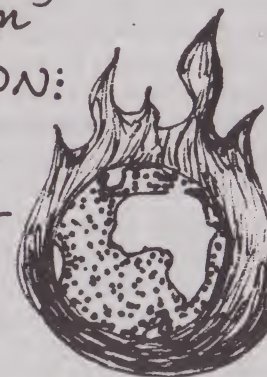
For example, in the case of someone addicted to heroin, this might mean making sure they have access to *clean* needles, and that they have NARCAN available so if they overdose, someone can hopefully save their life. The clean needles help prevent the spread of disease. Reducing shame may help remove the automatic-ness of a behavior, and creates more emotional room for a person to make more nuanced decisions.

The harm reduction model is wildly effective. The country of Portugal serves as a great example of how effective harm reduction is: in July 2001, Portugal made all drugs legal, and public harm reduction centers were established where individuals could get clean needles, test their drugs, and talk to a clinician about their drug usage. The result: addiction rates fell dramatically! Today, Portugal's drug-induced death rate is 5 times lower than the

Shaming people, often backfires. Harm reduction and non-shaming approaches are the way to go!

How to apply the harm
REDUCTION:

THE
PLANET



There is no safe level of carbon emissions — the world has to get to zero emissions which requires changing almost all current technological and economic systems. But just like how it is better to be using clean needles in a supervised injection site while you're addicted to heroin, to kick carbon its best to start with *reducing harms*, which may open possibilities for greater change down the line.

A lot of carbon dependence is determined by corporations, governments and the economic system and it's not about individual choices. For changing those systems, the only path is social uprisings and movements.

Nonetheless, some emissions *are* based on individual choices which are strongly structured by cultural norms as well as the economic / political system. For those choices, carbon dependence is addiction-like. An able-bodied person casually driving alone in an SUV a short distance on a sunny day is like an addict using a dirty needle because it's an unnecessary and reckless danger to yourself and others.

Driving a smaller car, driving it less often and only for harder to access destinations not accessible by bike or served by public transit *reduces the harm*. The very process of thinking about these changes reduces the stigma of talking about and thinking about carbon dependence — like when clean needles are made available. Maybe eventually we'll kick carbon altogether



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— Use compassionate language about carbon-burning. This can be hard, especially when you see so clearly how harmful carbon-burning is to everyone on this planet. But approaching a carbon-user with compassion and forgiveness helps create the emotional and social space for them to navigate away from their usage.

— Just like giving out free condoms and free needles, lower carbon alternatives need to be free and/or cheaper than any carbon-burning options. This is the strongest, fastest way to get people to switch.

— Remove conditions that are preventing free/cheap distribution of alternatives. There is important work to be done in removing any and all social systems that are preventing the cost-free replacement of all carbon-burning tech with carbon-free alternatives.

As we enter the 2020s, I hope we can spend this decade ending all carbon emissions, or at the least, slowing them to a trickle. I am done working hard without results. I'm ready for a smarter approach.

#PlanetaryHarmReduction



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The trouble with this approach is that sociological and psychological studies show that *it simply doesn't work*. Doctrines that push for abstinence are ineffective at best, and backfire at worst.



For example, abstinence-only sexual education has been shown to increase the likelihood of teen pregnancies and the contraction of STIs. Additionally, abstinence-only approaches to drug users tend to lead to riskier behavior and higher rates of addiction.

Likewise, the heavy-handed "abstinence" approach to carbon-emissions that myself and many others have tried to use over the last few decades doesn't seem to be working. Case in point:

— Based on the most-recent data, 92% of American households still own a car. So, even *after decades* of activists urging

for help without being judged, and (2) it reduces the harm to the person and others caused by the drug usage.

For example, in the case of someone addicted to heroin, this might mean making sure they have access to *clean* needles, and that they have NARCAN available so if they overdose, someone can hopefully save their life. The clean needles help prevent the spread of disease. Reducing shame may help remove the automatic-ness of a behavior, and creates more emotional room for a person to make more nuanced decisions.

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Help
= MAKE =
the 2021
Slingshot
Organizer

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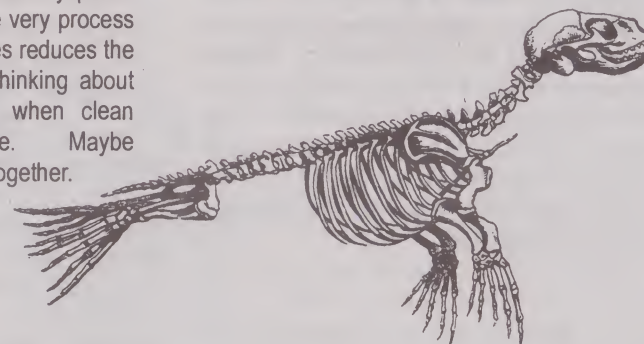
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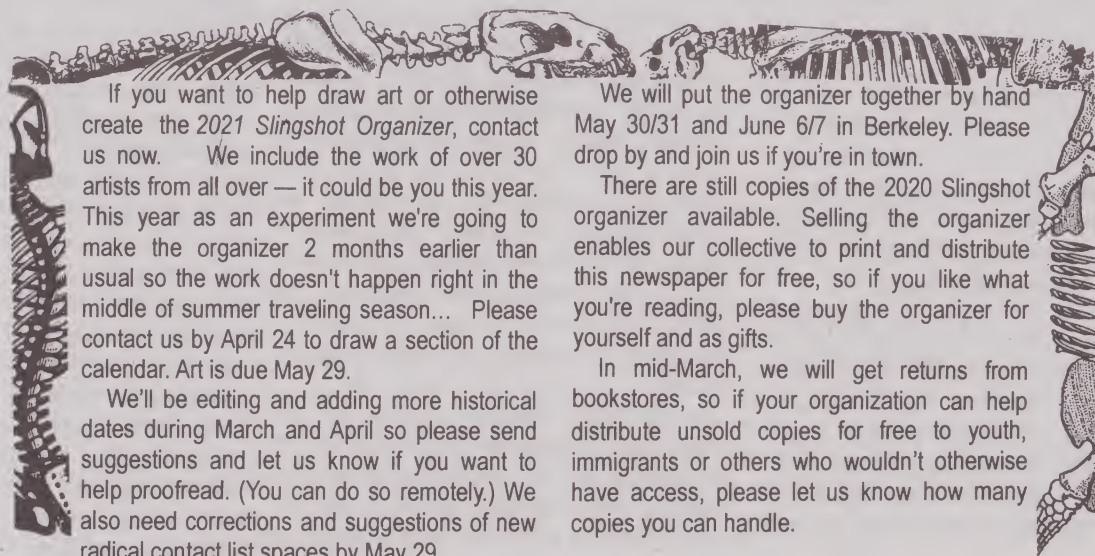
If you want to help draw art or otherwise create the 2021 *Slingshot Organizer*, contact us now. We include the work of over 30 artists from all over — it could be you this year. This year as an experiment we're going to make the organizer 2 months earlier than usual so the work doesn't happen right in the middle of summer traveling season... Please contact us by April 24 to draw a section of the calendar. Art is due May 29.

We'll be editing and adding more historical dates during March and April so please send suggestions and let us know if you want to help proofread. (You can do so remotely.) We also need corrections and suggestions of new radical contact list spaces by May 29.

We will put the organizer together by hand May 30/31 and June 6/7 in Berkeley. Please drop by and join us if you're in town.

There are still copies of the 2020 *Slingshot* organizer available. Selling the organizer enables our collective to print and distribute this newspaper for free, so if you like what you're reading, please buy the organizer for yourself and as gifts.

In mid-March, we will get returns from bookstores, so if your organization can help distribute unsold copies for free to youth, immigrants or others who wouldn't otherwise have access, please let us know how many copies you can handle.



RECLAIMING SOIL RELATIONS

notes towards decolonizing

South Africa and
definancializing the web
of life



by Lesley Green (Cape Town South Africa)

The word "human" derives from *humus*: the soil. The words "economy," "ecology" and "ecumene" all derive from *ecos*, Greek for household. To "attend to" is to *tend*. The word "culture" comes from *cultivation*.

Our linguistic inheritance testifies to something that the knowledge economy has long forgotten, which is that people are not separate from planet; that nature is not separate from society. This separation, however, is hardwired into the global university system, leaving us without common ways to share knowledge about this planetary emergency.

Some academics, including myself, have found Critical Zone (CZ) research as a promising space for scholarship that attends to earthly flows rather than the territories defined by artificial borders. In following fluxes through air, life, soil, rock and water, CZ research has much in common with the Environmental Humanities, a field that is also interested in following flows of molecules, life, and commodities. Both fields offer a "big picture," and very importantly, both work with imperfection instead of imposing an ideal system (since pure systems theory in life and earth sciences is problematic, as without society that system is often illusory). Both follow flows despite national borders and trade agreements. But nowhere in the current CZ models, are bodies. A question I am asking is how do we add human bodies to critical zone biogeosocial science?

A starting point for critical zone biogeosocial science is in the shift from studying things to studying relations. A biogeosocial approach to the critical zone traces the flows and relations that compose

Composting, tending seedlings, seed-sharing—these are activities that link people across generations. Seeds are the product of collectively composed fields: cow pats that nurture the soil, the work of planting and tending and harvesting, the work of families in seed saving and seed-sharing across generations. This kind of humus-making is low-cost, multi-species, kinship-based, and exchange-based. It is not financialized; it is relational. Activities and practices like these nurture a sense of kinship with soil that is its own form of environmentalism.

DECAY



One of Africa's most loved venerations of [a person] who has passed away is to say they were a son or daughter of the soil. Being a son or daughter of the soil is not some quaint indigenous knowledge but a powerful resource for unmaking the Anthropocene, in which the critical zone of life is under threat.

THESE ARE THE ACTIVITIES
THAT LINK PEOPLE ACROSS
generations...

To those who advocate for GM seed regimes for Africa's climate future, I ask: Is food production sustainable if a farmer is in jail because she participated in traditional, non-financialized seed exchange? Does patented DNA have a greater right to life than unpatented DNA? When international aid stops and small-scale farmers have dust for soils because of using chemical fertilizers instead of manure, is that "climate-smart"? The relations surrounding GM seeds are a problem.



The critical political necessity in the Anthropocene, to get action, is to relink the human body to the planet in people's imaginations. Showing people how nutrients and toxins flow through ecologies and bodies may be more effective than showing them how money may move through their wallets. Taking trees out, deforesting the land, makes soil vulnerable to drought; more vulnerable to the new heavy rains such as the two cyclones that hit Mozambique in 2019.

work with
imperfection
—INSTEAD OF—
imposing
AN IDEAL
SYSTEM

Wangari Maathai, Kenyan Nobel Prize Winner, built her green belt movement by planting trees because she understood deforestation reduces water tables, dries up streams, and, affects women, for men go to the city in search of cash.

In protecting the critical zone, we are protecting not only flows but the fecundity that makes society possible. How society protects ecological fecundity is the basis of its wellbeing. That deep linking of home,



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A starting point for critical zone biogeosocial science is in the shift from studying things to studying relations. A biogeosocial approach to the critical zone traces the flows and relations that compose life: humans as humus. In this perspective a society is the totality of its relations of cultivation, its ecological partnerships, its capacity to cultivate and partner with life, its production of a technosphere.

The African concept of being "sons and daughters of soil" links the fecundity of soil to the wellbeing of people. Soil is part of families: the place where one's placenta is buried is home. At death, the hope is that one returns to the soil that your placenta has joined, and there is a reverence for the place where ancestors become earth. Birth and death meet in soil.

DECAY

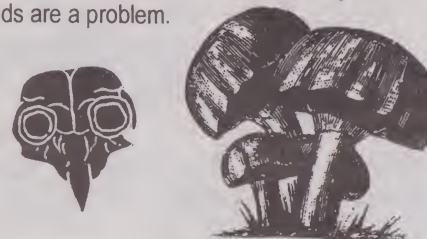


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In response to the planetary emergency we have witnessed the rise of "climate-smart" agriculture that depends on patented drought-resistant seeds, an approach that attempts to make agriculture sustainable—particularly in Africa. However, genetically-modified (GM) seeds come with a legal regime of patents that assert ownership over pollens and seeds, inserting a whole new regime of relations and control into the critical zone.

To those who advocate for GM seed regimes for Africa's climate future, I ask: Is food production sustainable if a farmer is in jail because she participated in traditional, non-financialized seed exchange? Does patented DNA have a greater right to life than unpatented DNA? When international aid stops and small-scale farmers have dust for soils because of using chemical fertilizers instead of manure, is that "climate-smart"? The relations surrounding GM seeds are a problem.



A drought resistant seed may be a wonder if it is demonstrated to produce more food under harsher conditions—but the legal regime, the relations that go with it; the curtailing of a seed's reproductive capacity, constitutes an ecocide that reproduces the Anthropocene rather than overcoming it. It is the insertion of financialization into the web of life.

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In protecting the critical zone, we are protecting not only flows but the fecundity that makes society possible. How society protects ecological fecundity is the basis of its wellbeing. That deep linking of home, humus and humanity, as it is told differently in different places around the world, may be the best protection the earth systems have.

These notes are based on a talk given by Lesley Green in San Francisco in December 2019 for the American Geophysical Union.

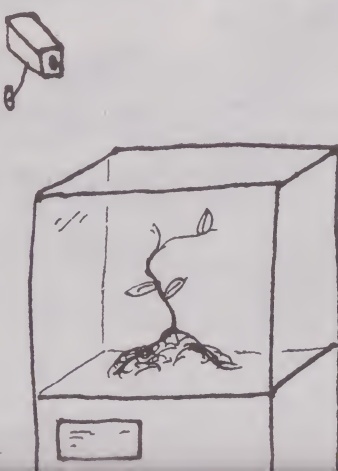
Lesley Green is a professor at the University of Cape Town, and deputy director of Environmental Humanities South. Her book "Rock | Water | Life: Ecology and Humanities for a Decolonial South Africa" is forthcoming in 2020.



By Emma

Fossil fuel corporations are notorious for buying up clean energy patents. After buying the patents, they will claim "We now have people working on clean energy." The problem is: the few "clean energy" projects

TIME
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Monsanto
& BPI

This specific pattern, within a larger pattern of university privatization, is happening because corporations are eager to avoid paying their own workers, so, by diverting their R&D to universities, corporations can replace

cultivation, it's ecological partnerships, its capacity to cultivate and partner with life, its production of a technosphere.

The African concept of being "sons and daughters of soil" links the fecundity of soil to the wellbeing of people. Soil is part of families: the place where one's placenta is buried is home. At death, the hope is that one returns to the soil that your placenta has joined, and there is a reverence for the place where ancestors become earth. Birth and death meet in soil.

In response to the planetary emergency we have witnessed the rise of "climate-smart" agriculture that depends on patented drought-resistant seeds, an approach that attempts to make agriculture sustainable—particularly in Africa. However, genetically-modified (GM) seeds come with a legal regime of patents that assert ownership over pollens and seeds, inserting a whole new regime of relations and control into the critical zone.

A drought resistant seed may be a wonder if it is demonstrated to produce more food under harsher conditions—but the legal regime, the relations that go with it; the curtailing of a seed's reproductive capacity, constitutes an ecocide that reproduces the Anthropocene rather than overcoming it. It is the insertion of financialization into the web of life.

the best protection the earth systems have.

These notes are based on a talk given by Lesley Green in San Francisco in December 2019 for the American Geophysical Union.

Lesley Green is a professor at the University of Cape Town, and deputy director of Environmental Humanities South. Her book "Rock | Water | Life: Ecology and Humanities for a Decolonial South Africa" is forthcoming in 2020.



By Emma

Fossil fuel corporations are notorious for buying up clean energy patents. After buying the patents, they will claim "We now have people working on clean energy." The problem is: the few "clean energy" projects they actually roll out are so small and at such a slow pace, they are meaningless. This is called green-washing, and it is a trick invented by PR firms to allow polluting companies to fool people into thinking that the company is "green" now, even though they can continue to pursue their carbon-based bottom-line.

Beyond buying up clean energy patents as a part of green-washing efforts, big oil has worked relentlessly to derail clean energy research on university campuses.

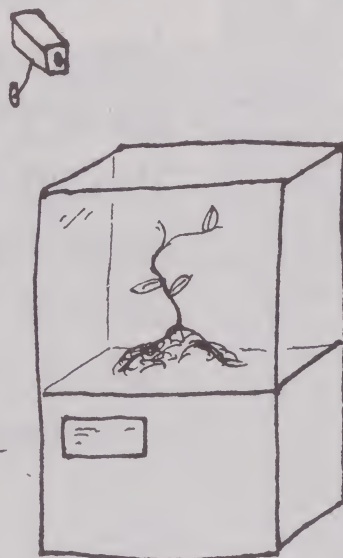
At UC Berkeley, for example, after the \$100 million Energy Biosciences Institute Contract was signed in 2007, the BP Oil Company moved its operations onto the UC Berkeley campus. There is now a whole floor of a building where only BP Oil staff are allowed to go. Also, according to the contract they signed, BP Oil's staff gets to

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decide 100% of which clean energy research grants get funding at UC Berkeley. BP Oil also gets to keep 30% of the patents that the grad student workers produce—the top 30% of BP's choosing!

Was BP really trying to profit from developing biofuels, or did BP seek power to hide clean energy patents away and to stop that technology from getting into people's hands?

Many UC Berkeley professors were outraged by the BP contract—they had no consent in its signing—but the Board of Regents, a group who un-democratically run the university based on an oligarchical model—forced the contract upon the UC.

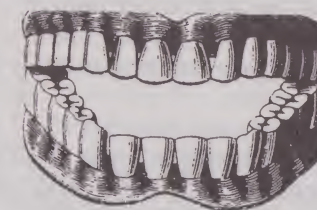


Monsanto
& BP!

UC Berkeley really should no longer be thought of as a research university, but rather, it is simply the Research & Development division of BP Oil (as well as the dozen or so other corporations that have taken over the UC's various research-based departments). Monsanto/Bayer has done the same thing out at UC Davis, where Monsanto/Bayer uses cheap graduate student labor to create genetically-modified seeds and organisms, with the corporation keeping the patents and deploying these organisms in a way that creates company profit without regard to massive starvation and farmer suicides in India, Africa, and around the world.

This specific pattern, within a larger pattern of university privatization, is happening because corporations are eager to avoid paying their own workers, so, by diverting their R&D to universities, corporations can replace their engineers with cheap graduate student labor to do their R&D. At the same time, they get to put the processes in place so they can thwart universities from producing/releasing alternatives to the supply chains these capitalists have already secured.

Last autumn, after years of pressure from students and faculty, the Regents of the University of California finally voted to divest the university's endowment from fossil fuel companies. However, **this is an empty gesture until the oil companies themselves are removed from the UC.**



#BPoffCampus
#MonsantooffCampus



What is Roadsteading?



how

vehicle communities inhabit the commons

Bethany has lived in various types of living arrangements all over the US, including many different vehicles in all states of living conversion. Roadsteading has been her focus since 2015.

By Bethany Jolly

Although caravans have long existed, modern vehicle communities are new and growing. These communities are defined by their shared living style, one that includes those living in sedans, minivans, trucks, RVs, unattached trailers, homemade pods, and everything in between. They are taking up more and more space in the commons, a type of space that many places in the USA have in short supply. Since the population of humans without secure and stable housing is presently on the rise, so too will the number of vehicle dwellers and other non-traditionally housed individuals increase. Without different management of public spaces, this puts vehicle communities at odds with traditional homeowners and cities. Many see roadsteading as a step above pitching a tent when out of traditional options and some chose to live a roadsteading life purposefully, with plenty of others falling in between these two extremes. Indeed, the financial resources that a person has at their disposal determines major outcomes for comfort, safety, reliability, and location. Additionally, once exposed to the particular challenges of this type of living, people find there are skills and knowledge required that they might not otherwise know or need. This can be both an advantage and a

attempt to help and provide for them, and especially for those who are unhoused. Many people find themselves homeless after a series of surprise or unforeseen events. Others see it coming, and do their best to mitigate and prevent the worst of outcomes; families split up, no shelter of any kind, nowhere to keep their belongings secured. On the other end, there are some who transition to non traditional housing intentionally. Many do so with years of

lots, land that is either owned by cities, companies, or private individuals. This leaves them vulnerable to cops, citations, unhappy neighbors, people who can't find parking spaces as easily, and bad actors in general.

In fact, there has been a noted increase in terrorist attacks against curbside communities, in the forms of intentional fires set to tents and vehicles, improvised explosive devices thrown

registered participants' to park, disallow vehicles without current state registration or emissions certifications, and prohibit cooking, as well as other activities necessary for daily life.

Even with an increase in aid from local cities, towns, churches, and other advocates, the challenges of isolation are real. Especially for those who are newly houseless and just learning to live a vehicle dwelling life, it is hard to know where to be, where to park, who to avoid, who to talk to, and where to find resources. Learning from each other and trading skills and resources is common among those who do find a semblance of community.

While some physical roadsteading communities exist, they seem to be rare. In the ones that do, folks rely on each other for support. They facilitate collecting trash and running it to the dump together, can have shared contracts with mobile pump out trucks to empty waste water from RV septic systems, and maintain really, really free market exchanges where folks can trade no longer needed items. They will also have potlucks, shared holiday celebrations, and child care collectives. Many engage in security watches and have text or phone trees for communicating vital safety information. They will help each other with vehicle sourcing and trading, offer mechanic help, or assistance in buying and installing solar panels, batteries and other electronics. They even attempt emergency aid for immobilized vehicles. These shared services can be invaluable for those living in poverty, which includes many of these



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Americans are now less likely to move from their hometowns than ever, but with current events and policies, the financial realities of income inequality, and especially the climate crisis, this will be less and less true in coming decades. Climate change is already causing extreme fires, flooding, hurricanes, and other acts of nature. Existing homes are being destroyed or rendered uninhabitable at much faster rates than before. Building more homes isn't the answer; according to the US Census

people find themselves homeless and a series of surprise or unforeseen events. Others see it coming, and do their best to mitigate and prevent the worst of outcomes; families split up, no shelter of any kind, nowhere to keep their belongings secured. On the other end, there are some who transition to non traditional housing intentionally. Many do so with years of

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savings and planning, but also there are those who can afford very little and have less of a plan. Often, those who choose a vehicle dwelling lifestyle do so because of the ability to move easily, save the money they would otherwise spend on exorbitant rents, and experience something other than the traditional ideal of homeownership. The shape of these mobile dwellings is hugely varied. Vehicles of all ages and origins are represented as well. Though these folks can and do come from different socioeconomic backgrounds, all

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as well as other activities necessary for daily life.

Even with an increase in aid from local cities, towns, churches, and other advocates, the challenges of isolation are real. Especially for those who are newly houseless and just learning to live a vehicle dwelling life, it is hard to know where to be, where to park, who to avoid, who to talk to, and where to find resources. Learning from each other and trading skills and resources is common among those who do find a semblance of community.

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There can be plenty of benefits to roadsteading. In the course of living this life, people often learn invaluable skills on their own or from each other. There is often a reduction in services needed and used by vehicle dwellers compared to those in traditional homes. Often they use less water, provide their own off grid energy, take up less physical space, and have the ability to evacuate quickly. Having people on the street can also provide neighborhood security. There is the potential for developing new types of

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savings and planning, but also there are those who can afford very little and have less of a plan. Often, those who choose a vehicle dwelling lifestyle do so because of the ability to move easily, save the money they would otherwise spend on exorbitant rents, and experience something other than the traditional ideal of homeownership. The shape of these mobile dwellings is hugely varied. Vehicles of all ages and origins are represented as well. Though these folks can and do come from different socioeconomic backgrounds, all people who engage in a roadsteading lifestyle must deal with the realities of living largely in the commons. This highlights the need for a radical approach to space and how it is used.

In and around major cities, vacant or



homelessness numbers, the math would show that lack of dwellings isn't the root cause. Barring a radical approach to the ways in which all people live, some will continue to choose, or be forced into, alternate ways of life.

An increase in unhoused folks can be a crisis for everyone, including the cities and neighborhoods where they are from or live now, the services and governments that

underutilized space is uncommon, and yet these are the places that necessarily have a higher population density, including those of curbside communities. Often, these communities spring up in any unoccupied spaces possible, such as large medians, the spaces between highway interchanges, parks, and other state lands. In the case of vehicle dwellers in particular, these occupied spaces most often are parking spaces and parking

under RVs, and physical attacks on the humans who live in these situations. Additionally, neighborhood groups and municipalities have been creating lists of vehicles known or suspected to be homes. These lists often include personally identifiable

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information, such as photos of vehicles and people, license plate numbers, and locations they are known to park. Local governments, as part of their stated efforts to understand and combat the issue of growing numbers of vehicle dwellers in their cities have also been engaging in data collection practices, often going door to door and attempting to find where people are coming from, only to realize that many of the people they speak with live very close to the places where they were previously housed.

However, many cities choose not to support these folks and their requests for things like dumpsters, portable bathrooms, and parking spaces, though some locations have taken steps towards doing so. Recently, several cities are establishing sanctioned parking locations. However, there are lots of restrictions on who, what, when, and how these spaces can be used. Most only allow parking during overnight hours, only allow

collectives, and also connections with more traditional style curbside communities. For example, due to the availability of onboard solar panels and batteries, vehicle dwellers are in a unique position to provide power to charge laptops, cellphones, mobility scooters, and other essential electronics. They can also provide a feeling of more security by parking near these communities. Many of the challenges of living in a vehicle overlap with those of living in a tent or small shelter, and the burdens are made easier when shared.

Sharing burdens is what community is all about. While living on the road isn't a new phenomenon, with a marked increase in people who do so in their own communities, there are many unanswered challenges to be met. With careful consideration, humane treatment, and sharing of skills and resources, these challenges can be overcome and may even prove roadsteading to be a viable way of life, not just for those who engage in it, but for the places they inhabit, as well.

Getting to the root toxic masculinity

By Tia Mo

When my son was born, he was just a human. He was helpless and warm and adorable, and immediately the world began treating him like a boy. Masculinity in western cultures centers on stoicism; it is essentially a libertarian reality. Domination is possible; exchange is possible; but vulnerability is dangerous and punished from a very early age. Even the sweetest men I know, from the kindest families, got less care and emotional training than the woman-socialized folks I've talked with.

There is a wonderful discussion of this in "Raising Cain" by Michael Thompson on the ways our culture isolates and armors boys. Getting through the gauntlet of adolescence requires callus that few men ever shed completely, or ever.

None of this detracts from the fact that people who are masculine socialized cause

harmful stories that are tangled up in masculinity. They want to keep the playfulness, persistence, and power but leave aside the manipulation, coercion, and entitlement that were served up together in their gendered training.

So if, as Thompson suggests, boys are generally emotionally abandoned around kindergarten age, and they start living in their minds instead of their hearts, is it so surprising that by the time they are men they are so full of pain that they cannot handle anyone else's? Other cultural factors that add to that pain include the conditioning to be strong, stoic, dominant, and virile. The fragility of (white, but all) masculinity, might not stem from power, but from loneliness and abandonment. Men don't know how to socialize in the complex way that women and queer folks learn, and they need care that they likely cannot articulate. Empathy, being vulnerable, is forbidden.

years of social skills? People of color and poor people make this call all the time with wye folks and rich people, and I honestly believe that the answer is, sometimes for some people. We get to communicate our boundaries and consequences with the expectation of respect, and to require that men observe and practice with each other before trying to participate where women and queer folks have established safety.

care. Emotional regulation is a crucial tool for both autonomy and for mutual aid.

It is culturally more acceptable in masculinity for men to feel anger than sadness, and so while men need to explore the origins of rage/anger/frustration, they also need to deeply explore the buried sadness/disappointment/loneliness that is often ignored or shamed.

We all share the human capacity to do this



NONE OF THIS CAN BE
ADDRESSED-UNTIL-
A MAN DECIDES
HE WANTS OUT
OF HIS CAGE

harm due to their callous conditioning, or that their intentions have nothing to do with the pain caused from social domination and violence. What I'm focusing on here is not culpability, but origin. Where does this all come from?

None of this can be addressed until a man decides he wants out of his cage. Even then, he is likely to find a toxic men's rights' advocate who convinces him that what he needs is more entitlement. If he can, however, see that the only way out is to unclutch it from the inside,

If you are a man reading this, I'm sorry for your exhaustion at always being on guard. I hope there are places where you can take off your emotional armor and feel relief. Doing the work to learn about emotional regulation (sensing and defusing the physical sensations that accompany feelings) will open the world to you. You might find this through somatic coaching, studying compassionate communication, meditation, or simply listening and reflecting silently when other people speak. Men have often been taught to

work, from wherever we are beginning. I invite you to expect it of your sons, brothers, and lovers, and to seek it for yourself, however you were trained in the world. It has been my great pleasure, to have a son and not believe the stories about his self-reliance or dominance. We work hard together to filter the stories about gender and power so that he gets to choose the aspects that reflect him and let go of the pieces that don't. I can't protect him from the whole world, nor would that be helpful, but I can make community with men who are doing their work to invite him into a different vision of

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Men I love have been taking years in their 20s, 30s and 40s to identity and undo the

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work, from wherever we are beginning. I invite you to expect it of your sons, brothers, and lovers, and to seek it for yourself, however you were trained in the world. It has been my great pleasure, to have a son and not believe the stories about his self-reliance or dominance. We work hard together to filter the stories about gender and power so that he gets to choose the aspects that reflect him and let go of the pieces that don't. I can't protect him from the whole world, nor would that be helpful, but I can make community with men who are doing their work to invite him into a different vision of masculinity. This is a call for men to care for each other, and for themselves.

GETTING AN EDUCATION IN EMPATHY

a student grapples with Berkeley's streets

GETTING AN Education in EMPATHY

a student grapples with Berkeley's streets

By Alexis Murilo Amezcua

As a new entering undergraduate student at UC Berkeley a few months ago, the first piece of advice I received about living in Berkeley was "DO NOT GO BY PEOPLE'S PARK!" The park situated between the Unit 1 and Unit 2 dorms has become a place of gathering and housing for the homeless population of Berkeley, but to the already anxious undergrads, it has become memorialized as a scary and dangerous place, one that should be avoided at all costs.

Prior to entering UCB, my personal relationship with homelessness was slight. In the small East Bay city of Oakley, where I grew up, homelessness was few and far between. It wasn't like Oakley itself did not have socioeconomic differences, there were certainly unhoused folks who one would witness, but their frequency was scarce. Likewise, the agricultural roots and conservatism that centered itself in Oakley killed any political action towards homelessness before it even began. Homelessness was an idea rarely discussed, and for a new student entering the Berkeley area, it would leave many questions unasked and unanswered.

So as my first semester began, I had to quickly think of a way to incorporate myself into an exciting street culture that included many of the "crazies" and "weirdos" people would talk about. Morally, I knew that I couldn't do what many others did, keep your head down, pull out a phone, ignore. Should I strike up a conversation? How can I be helpful without showing pity or being condescending? Can I even do that? Should I just keep my head down, maybe that's easier???

Regardless if I even had a remote answer to any of my questions, the general sentiments

created about homelessness by the university community I was entering did not make it any easier. I began to educate myself about the history of homelessness in Berkeley and People's Park. I discovered that the University itself has continued to play an active role in the displacement of the unhoused population and

negative, was because the University did not care to have them change. The institution thought and portrayed itself as highly liberal and progressive. It was a quality I'd hear constantly on first-week tours and read on pamphlets, but in reality, it was an excuse to overextend jurisdiction on the surrounding city

head around that any sort of City/University-sponsored initiative was probably going to be, what many call a "bandaid" on the wound. Systemic change is needed to solve homelessness, anything else acts as a time holder for the problem.

Yet, there still existed an abhorrent rhetoric around homelessness and community spaces like People's Park. On a person to person basis, how does one extend empathy and give sympathy? This wasn't, isn't, a question solely about homelessness now, but rather of solidarity and acknowledgment of a struggle. How does this translate into the everyday? Creating eye contact, giving money? How do I absolve the rhetoric I had created? And how do I extend this practice to my family, friends, peers?

The more I informed myself about the issue, the more questions I began to get answered. I realized that this wasn't just an individualized issue and so there were groups of activists from all backgrounds in Berkeley concerning themselves with actively responding to the issues I had seen too. Showing my support to these groups, while educating myself, seemed like the best starting point for me.

By the time I wrote this, I had finished my first semester at UCB. Unsurprisingly, I've learned the University hopes to build new student housing on People's Park Property, announced August 2019. It's possible that announcements like these may never change, and the majority sentiment of UCB towards homelessness may not change either, but for a student who has come from little experience of such an issue, I can ensure that I will be ready to respond with direct action and stand in solidarity with those who are leading the fight, as well as support others in my community to actively do the same as well.



has become a key aggressor towards People's Park basically since its foundation.

I'd had my first "aha" moment. This made so much sense. A reason as to why the sentiments regarding homelessness at the University had not changed, or rather the reason why'd they confine themselves to be so

and its issues.

So, what now? I understood that I couldn't trust the opinions of the University and I, well I was too new to the issue to have any substantive input. I was unsure how to continue. But I guess I could continue by doing what I knew best, calling out bullshit. Wrap my

How to Live

By Margaret Killjoy

The world might be ending.

There's a commonly replicated piece of anarchist folk art that means a lot to me. I don't know who drew it. It's a drawing of a tree with a circle-A superimposed. The text of it reads "even if the world was to end tomorrow I would still plant a tree today."

I grew up into anarchy around this piece of art. It was silkscreened as patches and posters and visible on the backs of hoodies and the walls of collective houses. It was graffitied through stencils and it was photocopied in the back of zines. It's a paraphrasing of a quote misattributed to Martin Luther (the original protestant Martin Luther, not Martin Luther King, Jr., although plenty of people misattribute the quote to him as well). The original quote is something like "Even if I knew that tomorrow the world would go to pieces, I would still plant my apple tree." The earliest reference to it anyone can seem to find is from the German Confessing Church, a Christian movement within Nazi Germany that sought to challenge Nazi power. The quote was used to inspire hope, to inspire people to action. I've learned that it is a paraphrasing of a hadith: "If the Resurrection were established upon one of

poison into the air. Oceans are swallowing islands, hundred-year 'storms happen every year, and it feels like every day we break new climate records. A sense of urgency about coming disaster is fueling a rise of "I got mine, fuck you" nationalism, and climate scientists are being ignored to an unconscionable degree.

The world is ending.

It's always ending, but it's ending a lot right now. For me and the people I'm close to, it's ending more dramatically than it was when I was born thirty-seven years ago.

That's fucking paralyzing.

The news is full of extinction and fascism and death and death and death.

And we're expected to get up in the morning and go to work.

For awhile, I coped by means of a cycle of denial and panic. The potential apocalypse was, basically, too-much-problem. I couldn't wrap my head around it or its ramifications, so I acted like it wasn't happening. Until, of



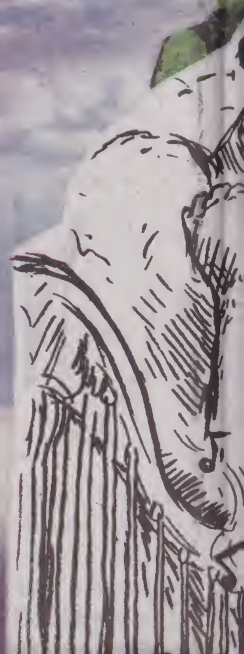
ways to live in the moment. Hedonism is about the pursuit of pleasure and joy. The trick is to find out what gives you pleasure and joy.

For myself, this has meant giving myself permission to pursue music, to sing even though I'm not trained, to play piano and harp. To travel, to wander. To seek beautiful moments and accept that they might be fleeting. I'll rudely paraphrase the host of the rather wholesome podcast *Ologies*, Alie Ward, and say "we might die so cut your bangs and tell your crush you like them."

My hedonism is a cautious one. I'm not looking to take up smoking or other addictions. I'm not trying to live like there's a guarantee of no tomorrow, just a solid chance of no tomorrow. Frankly, this would be true regardless of the current crisis, but it feels especially important to me just now.

**ACT LIKE WE MIGHT
NOT DIE RIGHT AWAY**

Preppers have a bad reputation for a good reason. The people stockpiling ammunition and food in doomsday bunkers by-and-large



There's a commonly replicated piece of anarchist folk art that means a lot to me. I don't know who drew it. It's a drawing of a tree with a circle-A superimposed. The text of it reads "even if the world was to end tomorrow I would still plant a tree today."

I grew up into anarchy around this piece of art. It was silkscreened as patches and posters and visible on the backs of hoodies and the walls of collective houses. It was graffitied through stencils and it was photocopied in the back of zines. It's a paraphrasing of a quote misattributed to Martin Luther (the original protestant Martin Luther, not Martin Luther King, Jr., although plenty of people misattribute the quote to him as well). The original quote is something like "Even if I knew that tomorrow the world would go to pieces, I would still plant my apple tree." The earliest reference to it anyone can seem to find is from the German Confessing Church, a Christian movement within Nazi Germany that sought to challenge Nazi power. The quote was used to inspire hope, to inspire people to action. I've learned that it is a paraphrasing of a hadith: "If the Resurrection were established upon one of you while he has in his hand a sapling, then let him plant it."

That's something I can get behind.

There's this book that means a lot to me, *On the Beach*, by Nevil Shute. I've never read it. I can't bring myself to. I think about it quite often, regardless.

The novel describes a nuclear war destined to kill all life on earth, and it describes the last days of people living in Australia waiting for the inevitable death of all things. It describes how they live their lives, how they find meaning during the apocalypse. It's a book about how to live without hope. It's a book of resignation.

It's too much for me, I think, at least right now.

The world might be ending.

A lot of people will argue with me about that. They will correctly point out that for large numbers of people all over the world, especially in the parts of the world long ravaged by Western imperialism, the world has been ending for a long time. They will correctly point out that the world itself isn't going anywhere, that change is constant, and even if what is left behind by climate catastrophe and

climate records. A sense of urgency about coming disaster is fueling a rise of "I got mine, fuck you" nationalism, and climate scientists are being ignored to an unconscionable degree.

The world is ending.

It's always ending, but it's ending a lot right now. For me and the people I'm close to, it's ending more dramatically than it was when I was born thirty-seven years ago.

That's fucking paralyzing.

The news is full of extinction and fascism and death and death and death.

And we're expected to get up in the morning and go to work.

For awhile, I coped by means of a cycle of denial and panic. The potential apocalypse was, basically, too-much-problem. I couldn't wrap my head around it or its ramifications, so I acted like it wasn't happening. Until, of



course, some horrible event or reminder of the apocalypse broke over a certain threshold and sent me spiraling into despair. Then numbness took over once more and the cycle began again.

That didn't do me much good.

About a year ago, I decided to embrace four different, often contradictory, priorities for my life. I run my decisions past all of them and try to keep them in balance.

Act like we're about to die. Act like we might not die right away. Act like we might have a chance to stop this. Act like everything will be okay.

ways to live in the moment. Hedonism is about the pursuit of pleasure and joy. The trick is to find out what gives you pleasure and joy.

For myself, this has meant giving myself permission to pursue music, to sing even though I'm not trained, to play piano and harp. To travel, to wander. To seek beautiful moments and accept that they might be fleeting. I'll rudely paraphrase the host of the rather wholesome podcast *Ologies*, Alie Ward, and say "we might die so cut your bangs and tell your crush you like them."

My hedonism is a cautious one. I'm not looking to take up smoking or other addictions. I'm not trying to live like there's a guarantee of no tomorrow, just a solid chance of no tomorrow. Frankly, this would be true regardless of the current crisis, but it feels especially important to me just now.

ACT LIKE WE MIGHT NOT DIE RIGHT AWAY

Preppers have a bad reputation for a good reason. The people stockpiling ammunition and food in doomsday bunkers by-and-large don't have anyone else's best interests at heart. Still, being prepared for a slow apocalypse, or dramatic interruptions in the status quo, makes more and more sense to more and more of us.

Preparing for the apocalypse is going to look different to every person and every community. For some people it will mean stockpiling necessities. For other people, securing the means to grow food.

One thing I've learned from my friends who study community resilience and disaster relief, however, is that the most important resource to shore up on isn't a tangible one. It's not bullets, it's not rice, it's not even land or water. It's connections with other people. The most effective means of survival in crisis is to create community disaster plans. To practice mutual aid. To build networks of resilience.

Every apocalypse movie has it all backwards when the plucky gang of survivors holes up in a cabin and fends off the ravaging chaotic hordes. The movies have it backwards because the ravaging hordes are, in the roughest possible sense, the ones doing survival right. They're doing it collectively. Obviously I'm not advocating we wear the



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A lot of people will argue with me about that. They will correctly point out that for large numbers of people all over the world, especially in the parts of the world long ravaged by Western imperialism, the world has been ending for a long time. They will correctly point out that the world itself isn't going anywhere, that change is constant, and even if what is left behind by climate catastrophe and war is a scorched desert, it's probable that life will continue. Human life, non-human animal life, and plant life will all, in some form or another, survive all of this.

People will argue, correctly once more, that most every generation has believed that the world was ending. The machine gun slaughter of World War I, the genocide of World War II, the Doomsday Clock of the Cold War, the AIDS epidemic, those all must have felt like the apocalypse. For entire peoples, they were. Yet here some of us are today, alive.

None of those arguments detract from the fact that it sure feels like the world is ending.

Mountains are blown up for coal to pump poison into the air, pipelines clearcut the last vestiges of the wild to help us pump more



REVOlution!!!!

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ACT LIKE WE'RE ABOUT TO DIE

Every breath we take is the last breath we take. You Only Live Once. Smoke em if you got em. Do As Thou Wilt. Memento Mori. Our culture is full of euphemisms and clever sayings that focus around one simple idea: we're mortal, so we might as well try to make the most of the time we have.

Embracing hedonism has a lot to recommend it these days. It's completely possible that the majority of us won't be alive ten or twenty years from now. It's completely possible, although a lot less likely, that a lot of us won't be alive in a year.

I used to think, when I was younger, that I was a terrible hedonist. As a survivor of sexual and psychological assault and abuse, I've never had much luck with drug use or casual sex. But fucking and getting wasted, while perfectly worthwhile pastimes, aren't the only

apocalypse, or dramatic interruptions in the status quo, makes more and more sense to more and more of us.

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There are infinite reasons not to count on holing up in a cabin with your six friends as an apocalypse plan, but I'll give you two of them. First, because living a worthwhile and long life as a human animal requires connections with a diverse collection of people with diverse collections of skills, ideas, and backgrounds. It's all fun and games in your cabin until your appendix bursts and none of you are surgeons—or you're the only surgeon. Likewise, small groups of people who tend to agree with one another are subject to the dangers of groupthink and the echo chamber effect, which will limit your ability to intelligently meet challenges that face you.

Second, because by removing yourself from society, you're removing your ability to shape

the changes that society is undergoing in crisis. If you go hide in your stockpile and your bunker, guess what? It's your fault. Because you're not there when everyone decides to become egalitarians or fascists. If they want your ammo, they're going to get it. Fascism is always better. It's never safe to hide during any Mad Max future.

Tangible resources won't be so dramatic in the event of a collapse of society or shortages, power, or contamination. It's



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nonperishable food, backup sources of power, and water filtration systems around for yourself and your neighbors.

Still, this is a terrible basket to put all your eggs into. You probably shouldn't live out your days, whether they're your last ones or not, over-preparing for something that may or may not come to pass.

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Tangible resources do matter, of course. Any likely scenario that prepping is good for won't be so dramatic as an utter restructuring or collapse of society. It might mean food shortages, power outages, water contamination. It never hurts to keep

nonperishable food, backup sources of power, and water filtration systems around for yourself and your neighbors.

Still, this is a terrible basket to put all your eggs into. You probably shouldn't live out your days, whether they're your last ones or not, over-preparing for something that may or may not come to pass.

ACT LIKE WE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE TO STOP THIS

We can and we should stop the worst excesses of climate catastrophe. We can and should stop fascism by whatever means necessary. Throwing up our hands and walking away from the problem is no solution.

It's hard to remember that we have agency.

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Like the world is Ending



Unless we were raised ultra-rich, we've had the concept of political and economic agency stripped from us at every turn. We've been told there are two ways to effect change: vote for politicians or vote with our dollars. Politicians in western democracies are likely incapable of changing things as dramatically as they need to be changed, and they certainly won't bother trying unless we motivate them to do so in fairly dramatic ways. As for economic agency, there is a small handful of men with more wealth—and therefore power—than the rest of us combined.

We've been told we cannot take matters into our own hands, politically or economically. We're not allowed to have a revolution. We're not allowed to redistribute the wealth of the elite.

You'll be shocked to know that I don't put a lot of stock in what we are and aren't allowed to do.

Still, even if we give ourselves permission to undertake it, revolution feels like an insurmountable challenge. We've got, optimistically, ten years to completely overhaul the economic system of the world.

The revolution cannot be controlled by a vanguard of activists; if it is, it will fail. The revolution must be controlled by its participants, because only then will we learn how to claim agency over our own lives and futures.

We have a chance to stop this.

I forget that sometimes, but I shouldn't.

Still, I can't count on hope alone, or the days when hope fails me would lay me low.

**ACT LIKE EVERYTHING
WILL BE OKAY**

All the times the world has come close to ending before, it hasn't. It's ended for some people, some cultures. Civilizations have collapsed. Ecosystems have radically shifted. Species have gone extinct—including the species of humans before homo sapiens. Colonization was an apocalypse. Some people



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We're all running the cost/benefit analysis of acting directly. We all have different "fuck it" points—the point beyond which we can no

All over the world, even in some Western countries, people are no longer waiting. They're acting. We need to be helping them, supporting them with words and actions, while we get ready to act here as well.

longer prioritize our immediate wellbeing but instead must act regardless of the outcome. In the meantime, we're waiting until it seems like we can act and actually have a chance of winning.

All over the world, even in some Western countries, people are no longer waiting. They're acting. We need to be helping them, supporting them with words and actions, while we get ready to act here as well.

The revolution needs mediators and facilitators, medics and brawlers. It needs hackers and propagandists and it needs financiers and smugglers and thieves. It needs scouts and coordinators and it needs musicians and it needs people invested in the system to turn traitor. It needs lawyers and scientists and bookkeepers and copyeditors and cooks and it needs almost everyone, almost every skill.

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Still, the world is still here and we're still here.

Capitalism is a sturdy beast, quite adept at adaptation. Marx was wrong about a lot of

things, and one of those things was the inevitability of the collapse of capitalism under the weight of its own contradictions. With or without capitalism, the society we live in might stagger on. We might curb the worst excesses of climate catastrophe through economic change or wild feats of geoengineering.

I won't bet on it, but I won't bet entirely against it either.

As much as I need to live like I might die tomorrow, I need to live like I might see a hundred years on this odd green and blue planet. Unless things change, I'm not burning every bridge. I'm trying to maintain a career. If I was certain to die under a fascist regime by 2021, there wouldn't be much point in writing novels: they take too long to write, publish, and reach their audience. I get some joy from the writing itself, sure, but I get more joy from putting my art in front of people, of letting it



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One thing it doesn't need, though, is
managers. The people who claim to know how
to run a revolution don't know how to run a
revolution or they would have done it by now.
The authoritarian urge, to decide what the
revolution should and shouldn't look like, how
people should and shouldn't express their rage
and reclaim their agency, will fail us every time.
Authoritarian communism is the death of any
revolution. Authoritarian liberalism is the death
of any revolution. Even the more dogmatic
anarchists will get in the way if given a chance.
The revolution cannot be branded. Despite
Hollywood representations of rebellions, they
don't work as well under a single banner. They
are diverse, or they are not revolutions.

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putting my art in front of people, of letting it
influence the cultural landscape. With novel
writing in particular, that takes time. That takes
there being a future. I want there to be a
future. Almost desperately. Not enough to bank
on it completely.

Keeping some small portion of my time and
resources invested in the potential for there to
be a future is important for my mental health,
because it keeps me invested in maintaining
that health.

The world might end tomorrow, and it might
not. If we can help it, at all, we shouldn't let it
end. We still ought to act like it might.

We ought to figure out what trees we would
plant either way.

Continued from Page 1

resources to private exploitation and facilitating free trade and foreign investment. Soon thereafter, the International Monetary Fund began imposing the Chilean model on all Latin American countries that defaulted on unjust debts. There is a link between what's happening in Chile and the revolts unfolding in Honduras, Argentina, and beyond.

This economic shock treatment, often lauded as a "Chilean miracle" by economists, came at a great human cost. It was methodically implemented through a capitalist dictatorship of repression, kidnapping, torture, disappearance and homicide of tens of thousands of opponents.

During that time, many intellectuals and activists were "disappeared". My own mother and aunt had college professors that went missing and were replaced without explanation. Approximately 200,000 exiles fled the country in fear that they too would be targeted.

Pinochet himself claimed that the only way to free the market was through force, and that once the economic experiment succeeded, Chile could go back to being a democracy. Yet the democratic governments of the past thirty years have not done enough to divest from Pinochet's violent social and economic legacy. They continue to criminalize people who protest economic inequalities with the same "antiterrorist law" created to intimidate dissidents during the dictatorship.

Mapuche peoples have suffered the brunt of this repression. If you have seen pictures of the recent protests you have likely seen the Mapuche flag, a prominent display of anti-neoliberal sentiment. The Mapuche are the largest Indigenous group in Chile and make up 11% of the country's population. They view their struggle against resource extraction and the corporate takeover of their territory as necessary to heal people

and the earth from "the illness that is capitalism," in the words of Mapuche healer Millaray Huichalaf. Police have staged arson of corporate property to blame Mapuche communities and have murdered Mapuche activists. Some Mapuche leaders have responded to the recent police brutality against protestors by saying, "now the Chileans know how Mapuche have been treated."

President Piñera issued military martial law during the first days of the protests, seeding terror throughout the country. Since then, social media has been ablaze in viral footage of police and military shooting rubber-coated steel bullets point-blank at peaceful protestors and by-standers, among them elderly, homeless, children, and pregnant women. We've also seen police dragging people from their homes in the middle of the night, beating pedestrians with batons, firing tear gas canisters directly at people, and spraying water cannons laced with caustic soda at protestors. The brutality has been too much for me to bear at times, but my friends and family on the ground tell me, "we have nothing to lose. The knowledge that this is what the country needs helps mitigate the fear of police repression."

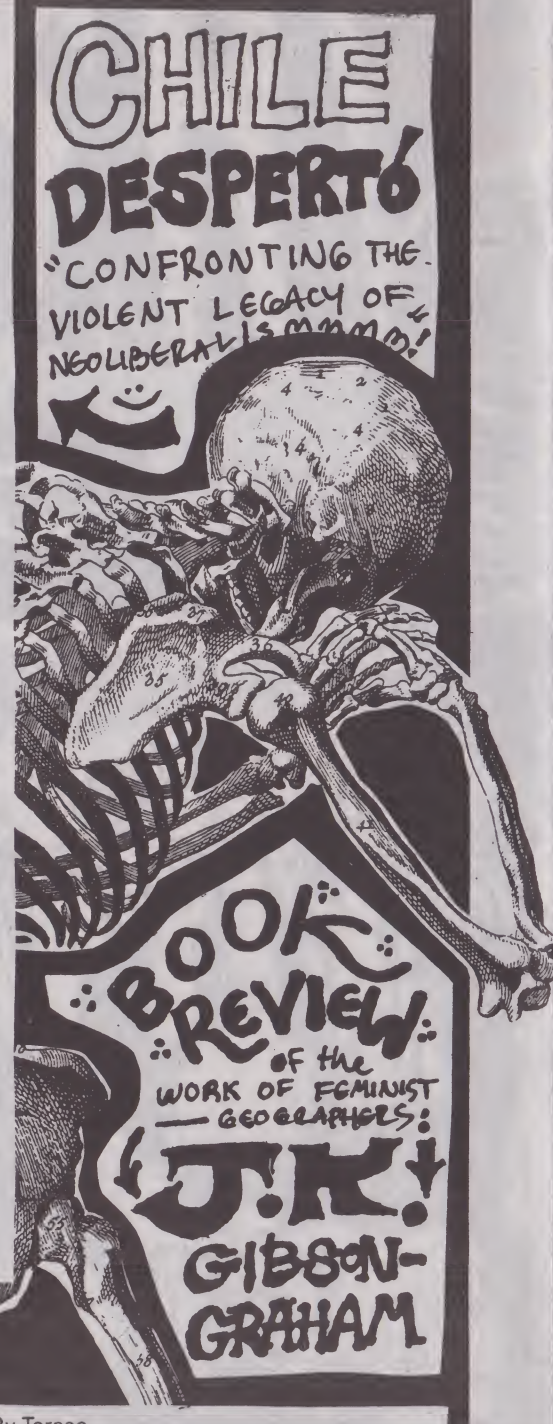
Numerous reports of human rights violations, sexual violence, and torture of detainees have surfaced. Few of these violations have made headlines outside of Latin America until the viral performance of the song "The Rapist is You," by Chilean feminist collective, Las Tesis, which denounces state-sanctioned sexual violence.

Over the past couple of months, police have intimidated medical professionals to not release information about patients treated for injuries during the protests. Agents of Chile's human rights commission (INDH) have also not been given full access to carry out their investigations. According to the INDH, over 8,000 people have been arrested (including over 1,000 minors); 3,557 people have sought medical help for injuries; and 943 legal actions have been filed against police for torture, sexual violence, and murder or attempted murder. The latest INDH report claims that these are the worst human rights abuses since the dictatorship.

All eyes must remain on state-sanctioned violence against Chilean and Mapuche peoples. But we must also be mindful of the daily pervasive violence suffered by those who cannot access adequate healthcare, the elderly who have to panhandle because their pensions are not enough to cover the cost of living, the youth who go into insurmountable debt to get an education. In the supposedly wealthiest country in Latin America, this is what 40 years of neoliberalism looks like. It appears that the wound left behind by the dictatorship was never fully healed.

United in our collective trauma, this uprising is the medicine we need to restore our democracy. With millions of Chileans on the streets, the government has no option but create profound reforms. We were the model for neoliberal capitalism, and now we might be leading the way in its undoing. Stay tuned. This is a historic moment, not just for Chile, but for the world.

To contact the author: Cintha.e.munoz@gmail.com



went missing and were replaced with an explanation. Approximately 200,000 exiles fled the country in fear that they too would be targeted.

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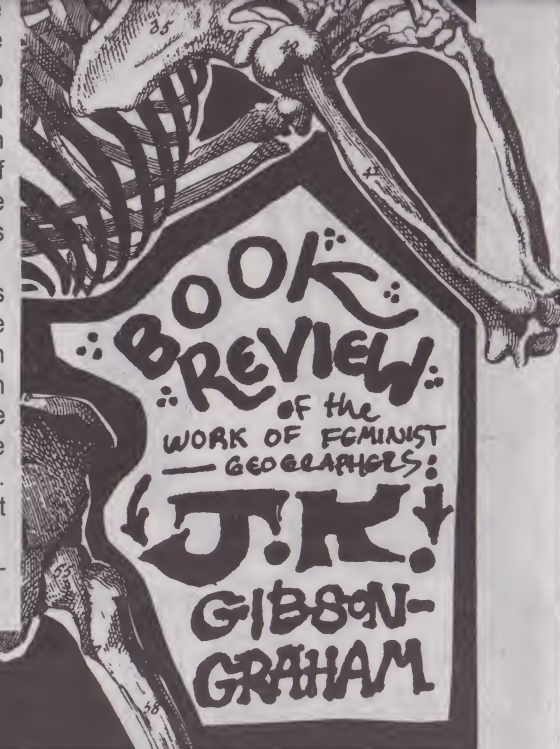
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BOOK REVIEW:

RESPAWN: GAMERS, HACKERS, & TECHNO-GENIC LIFE by COLIN MILBURN. 2018....

By H-Cat

When I first started working with the Slingshot collective 10 years ago, I felt like I had to stay quiet about loving certain video games. To the hippies and punks who made up the Slingshot Collective at that time, any mention of video games or computer technology was often met with annoyance and tense shoulders. These were folks who were radicalized in the cow pastures of Woodstock, in all-ages punk shows at The Gilman, and in the decades-long struggle to defend People's Park. Many of them had dropped out of mainstream culture long ago—none of them owned televisions, more or less video game systems. To them, the video game was a sign of defeat: it was a sign that they had failed to end capitalism, that "the machine" was still in operation despite their best efforts to throw their bodies

our unique understandings to the global and local struggle against capitalism, white supremacy, ecocide, and gender violence. Sure, the hippies and punks don't always seem to get what we're doing, but they've gradually become awesome allies for the new types of projects we bring to radical spaces—projects that include the creation of open-source software, the implementation of locally-owned MESH networks, and also educational activities about things like encryption, net neutrality, and surveillance (not to mention RPG and board game nights!).

This gets me to what I like about Colin Milburn's book, *Respawn: Gamers, Hackers, and Technogenic Life* (2018), which is to say it's a book written for gamers and by a gamer. Anyone who wasn't radicalized through game culture probably isn't going to



By Teresa

In the 1990s, two feminist geographers named Julie Graham and Katherine Gibson began writing under the shared moniker "J.K. Gibson-Graham," and with their work they began to apply understandings from feminist schools of thought to economics.

According to Gibson-Graham, rather than saying "the economy," we ought to be saying, "economies," as in: there are *diverse economies* all around us that we've been directed away from seeing and acknowledging.

Just as feminism has taught us to avoid essentializing gender (and rather urges us to treat sex and gender as separate), the *diverse economies* model pushes us to avoid essentializing "the economy."

As Gibson-Graham point out, the capitalist finance economy is mistakenly treated like the only economy. This economy (called "The Economy") began to be treated as if it were a force of nature in the 1970s, when, at that time, news broadcasts started treating stock ticker numbers as if they had the same sort of material reality as weather reports (Gibson-Graham 2005). But the economy isn't a force of nature. Rather it is a performance. The economy is performa-

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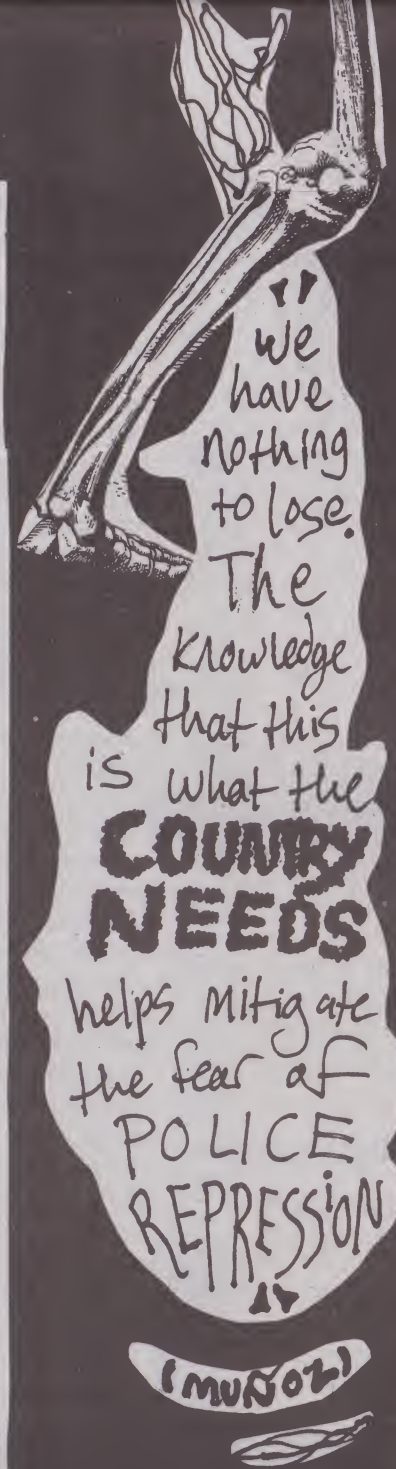
How could I explain to my new comrades that I'd been radicalized as an environmentalist and anti-capitalist while playing *The Secret of Mana*, *Zelda*, and *Final Fantasy*? How could I express that so much of who I am emerged as part of the cosplays I started doing with my gamer friends in high school? How could they understand that the values I learned from videogames had everything to do with why I attended the WTO protest in 1999, and that gaming and game literacy helped me recognize that I had a role to play in the movement against neoliberal globalization?

In the years since I first joined this collective, more and more gamers and hackers have become part of the Bay Area radical community. Gamers make up a contingent of radicals whose "Woodstock moment" was gathering in the streets in Guy Fawkes masks to sing GLADOS' song from *Portal* while protesting Scientology, and in smol ways and large, hackers and gamers bring

our unique understandings to the global and local struggle against capitalism, white supremacy, ecocide, and gender violence. Sure, the hippies and punks don't always seem to get what we're doing, but they've gradually become awesome allies for the new types of projects we bring to radical spaces—projects that include the creation of open-source software, the implementation of locally-owned MESH networks, and also educational activities about things like encryption, net neutrality, and surveillance (not to mention RPG and board game nights!).

This gets me to what I like about Colin Milburn's book, *Respawn: Gamers, Hackers, and Technogenic Life* (2018), which is to say it's a book written for gamers and by a gamer. Anyone who wasn't radicalized through game culture probably isn't going to get what's going on in this book (sorry), but to those of us who were, this author is a worthy bard, and the stories he tells are hella helpful for making sense of the somewhat ephemeral moments of resistance that emerge within, alongside, and out of gaming culture. Using schlr skillz like research and archives, he weaves together tales of gamer resistance with careful attention to detail, but not without a few lulz, some lite L337speak, and some deep philosophical reflection on what it means to pwn.

Milburn's theory of pwning is something to be reckoned with. If, as Milburn argues, to pwn something is to take responsibility for mistakes that have been made, how do we pwn GamerGate? Likewise, the author invites us, as gamers, to engage the question of how we might take responsibility for climate change, ending the book with a thoughtful examination of the environmental destruction and labor abuses caused by the gaming industry itself.



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In acknowledging the *diverse economies* all around us, we grow better at seeing and making sense of the many other types of labor relations that exist outside of high finance circles. These are frequently unpaid, informal, and pirate relationships, pushed out of the public eye and dismissed for being "feminine" or "just a hobby" or "criminal."

Evoking a *diverse economies* model is a way to invite these other performances of economy into our social practices of acknowledging and each other's work. Diverse economies include barter, trade, volunteerism, localized time-dollars, dumpster-diving, freeganism, photosynthesis, and a number of other relations that exist outside of finance capital.

It's time to stop treating the problems of the investor class as if they are the only economy, and strengthen and acknowledge the many other economies through which labor, care, and goods get passed around.

ZYNE REVIEWS

The Slingshot gets tons of attention. People send us things they wrote and want us to read and review them—we get plenty of self published "zines", a couple of which are featured here, but honestly...this paper is run on such a bare-bones skeleton crew that we actually cannot even read most of what is sent to us. I mean, this is a recent development—not long ago we had 3+ collective members excited by zines. Not the case now. Still we plod on...

oh I mean volunteers are encouraged to contribute their "shit work" to our project.

The Deceived #2 \$5- \$10 sliding scale

PO Box 14276

4304 18th st.

S.F. CA. 94114

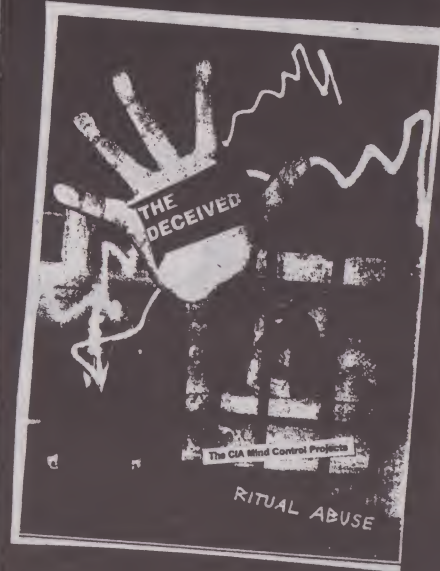
The Deceived #2 is 36 pages of powerful artwork, poetry and information from the perspective of Sparrow, a government mind control and ritual abuse survivor. It features information on MK Ultra and Project Paperclip as well as a variety of personal healing techniques and resources.

For anyone who is a fan of the first issue or who is interested in a deeper understanding of the crimes against humanity committed by our government, this zine is a must have. Not only is *The Deceived* a plethora of revolutionary information but it is a graphic masterpiece, clearly created with love and tears.

Copies of the first issue of *The Deceived* are also available.

Any additional funds from purchases will go towards helping those who cannot afford to get a copy.

Can't afford it? Write and ask for an issue and send what you can (stamps accepted as form of payment). (Alessandra)



PIGS ON A TRAIN: The Growing Transit Crisis & How to Fight It itsgoingdown.org

A very concise overview of the situation with outrageous fare hikes which currently are fueling rebellions in NYC & Chile. A timely tract facing off with a facet of Neo-Liberal policy. It could utilize our attention better by illustrating how people are fare evading. As it is, it works as a good primer for the uninformed much as the way that Crimethinc publications are known for. Maybe it will find usefulness with copies left at Jr High Schools or at family reunions.... for your pro-Trump relatives. (eggplant)

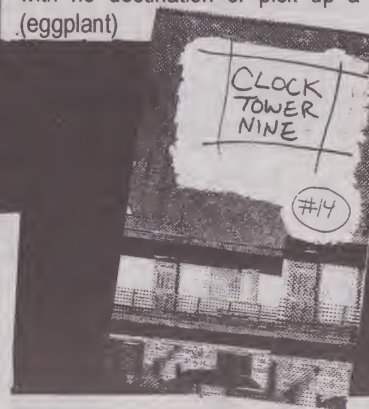


Type 2 Travel Stories

brybry@riseup.net

blackmold.storenvy.com

Miniature size for easy storing. The writing is big at heart, journaling the high and low moments across the vast empty USA. Almost like the highlights of a good letter or a series of postcards. The vignettes of clandestine crash spots and dumpstered pizza are rendered on typewriter and accompanied by classic looking photos. The writing is compelling, it will encourage you to do something rash and timeless — like leave town with no destination or pick up a hitchhiker. (eggplant)



Clock Tower Nine #14 \$3+shipping

www.antiquatedfuture.com

A collection of various writers exploring unrelated topics. Its sort of like a variety show with mixed quality and styles that take the stage then quickly vacate it. If you want to read something with factoids, nostalgic flashbacks and a general exaltation of minuscule things then this will suit you. The production is pretty clean with large "no squinting" font. It seems like a pretty frequent publication so the ultimate joy with this zine is having a consistent familiar voice to warm the dull nights. (eggplant)

Fluke Fanzine #17

Fluke Fanzine

PO Box 1547

Phoenix, AZ 85001

Newly encountering Fluke as courtesy of another Slingshotter, I read Fluke #17 on the subway, at my kitchen table and before bed. This cohesive bundle of stories, interviews, art and poetry make a stellar issue. Within the neatly organized zine are slick-printed images and various outlooks from authors across the U.S. covering the underground punk scene, music, skateboard culture, and surviving collectively.



I was touched by two pieces in particular: the interview with artist Danny Martin of Tucson, AZ and How We Got There From Here, an essay by Anna Marie Armstrong. Hailing from Alabama, Martin is a printmaker and muralist with a narrative, Wild West and Mexican-inspired aesthetic. His detailed backstory, beautiful images and love letter to Tucson are earnest and reflective. Armstrong provides an analog perspective of her adolescence in the Bay Area, entrenched in music, driving to an R.E.M. show with her brother Billie Joe (the same as Green Day's brother Billie Joe). Every moment is captured in

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Nostalgic, gritty and mature, Fluke #17 was a fascinating first-read and I look forward to diving into many more. (Nat)

REVIEW:

ABO*COMIX VOL III: A queer prisoners' ANTHOLOGY.

by rachel hughes

"This book makes my heart feel like its filling the whole Long Haul!" -Slingshot member

Let's start with the cover. A gnarled tree rises up from the ground, its bright rainbow trunk eventually melting into the cold indigo of a harsh landscape muddled with stacked boulders and barbed wire—a potent symbol of queer survival in a world set out to shackle, suppress, and silence our very existence.

VOL. 3 contains 27 comics from 26 different incarcerated queer artists across the country, and each comic offers a unique glimpse into the life of the artist within their respective institution. The prison conditions, inmates, and sentencing laws may change from comic to comic, city to city, and state to state; the only constants are the many levels of oppression incarcerated (queer) people

As written in the book, "ABO is a collective of creators and activists who work to amplify the voices of LGBTQ prisoners through art. The profits [they] generate go back to incarcerated artists, especially those with little to no resources. ABO believes our interpersonal and societal issues can be solved without locking people in cages." (ABO Comix).

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A common theme in this anthology is throwing **love and mutual aid** in the face of the hate and divisiveness that is taught by society and reinforced by prison walls. For example, in "Mami Mamasita..." by Kinoko, a rampaging drama queen-monster is brought back to her senses by super-women sharing their sweetness, love, and inner light with her. In "In the Hen House!" by Joanlisa Featherston, a group of inmates provide each other with hope and emotional support. In "Love Overcomes Bullying", Tony Gentry shows us that the power of love and queer self-care can overpower adversity. Don't get it wrong however; this anthology is also crammed with pain, suffering, and anger, but the juxtaposition of these themes is visceral and draws the reader deep into the characters' lives. Expect to shed a tear or two over this anthology.

VOL III: A QUEER PRISONER'S ANTHOLOGY.

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ABO COMIX VOL 3

A QUEER PRISONER'S ANTHOLOGY

To learn more about the cool work this Bay Area radical publishing collective does and how to support the mission, visit abo-comix.com

Nostalgic, gritty and mature, Mike #17 was a fascinating first-read and I look forward to diving into many more. (Nat)

SLINGSHOT.

Circulation information

Subscriptions to *Slingshot* are free to prisoners, low income, or anyone in the USA with a Slingshot Organizer, or \$1 per issue. International \$3 per issue. Outside the Bay Area we'll mail you a free stack of copies if you give them out for free. Say how many copies and how long you'll be at your address. In the Bay Area pick up copies at Long Haul and Bound Together books, SF.

IN CAHOOTS

the cops and the klan go hand in hand

By Gerald Smith w/ Isabel Fava Bean

The Cops and the Klan Go Hand In Hand is not merely a propagandist slogan. It is a fact of life. So much so that it must become the guidepost for every Anti-facist, every trade union militant, every conscious Black person that understands the dangers that come with the rise of fascism in America. There are many ways the police work directly to assist the fascists:

(1) Police have allowed fascists to carry knives and guns. The VICE News documentary *Race and Terror*, which focuses on events in Charlottesville, North Carolina in August of 2017, revealed that white supremacist protesters were armed and proud of it. This is a film that all Anti-fascists should see. In 2018, Portland, Oregon police discovered members of white nationalist group Patriot Prayer positioned with a cache of weapons atop a roof overlooking a planned rally, made no arrests, and kept the incident a secret for months.

(2) Meanwhile, police have actively disarmed Antifa while enforcing and physically defending the so-called "free speech" of fascists. For instance, in anticipation of an Alt-right gathering in 2018, the City of Berkeley passed a series of ordinances banning commonly owned objects like skateboards and bike locks. But folks not going to the demonstrations often didn't know about the

supremacists to walk free while anti-fascist counterprotesters were arrested the same day.

These issues are intertwined as ways that the cops and the state assist fascists and undermine anti-fascists.

But there is another way that the police help the fascists that is sometimes overlooked.

who were arrested while serving as security to protect counter-protesters at an Alt-right rally. Their felony charges were eventually dropped, leaving only minor charges for which they did community service.

Cops have, time and time again, failed to intervene to defend isolated individuals or

planning and coordination breakdowns prior to August 12 produced disastrous results... officers failed to intervene in physical altercation... Virginia State Police directed its officers to remain behind barricades rather than risk injury responding to conflicts between protesters and counter-protesters."

One of the many ways that the police help the fascists is by publicly misidentifying them in noteworthy cases that have gone viral thereby causing mass confusion on the actual danger of fascism. When young Black woman Nia Wilson was murdered in cold blood on the platform of the MacArthur BART station in 2018, police failed to disclose that her killer, John Cowell, was a Proud Boy (white supremacist). The cops were covering up the fact that her murder was a hate crime — because Cowell did not know Nia, racism was obviously the motive. Police tried to erase the racial motives of this murder.

As the cops fail to identify white supremacists as such, they are meanwhile projecting Nazi motives onto suspects when it serves them. One example is the handling of the December 29, 2019 violent attack on Hasidic Jews attending a New York Hanukkah celebration. Cops have filed hate crime charges, though the perpetrator, a Black man, is clearly mentally ill. Audrey Sasson, of Jews for Racial and Economic Justice, commented after the attack: "Anti-Semitism is on the rise. It



Through conscious misinformation — a form of psychological warfare — the police can and do

groups that are clearly outnumbered by fascists prepared to do them harm. On August

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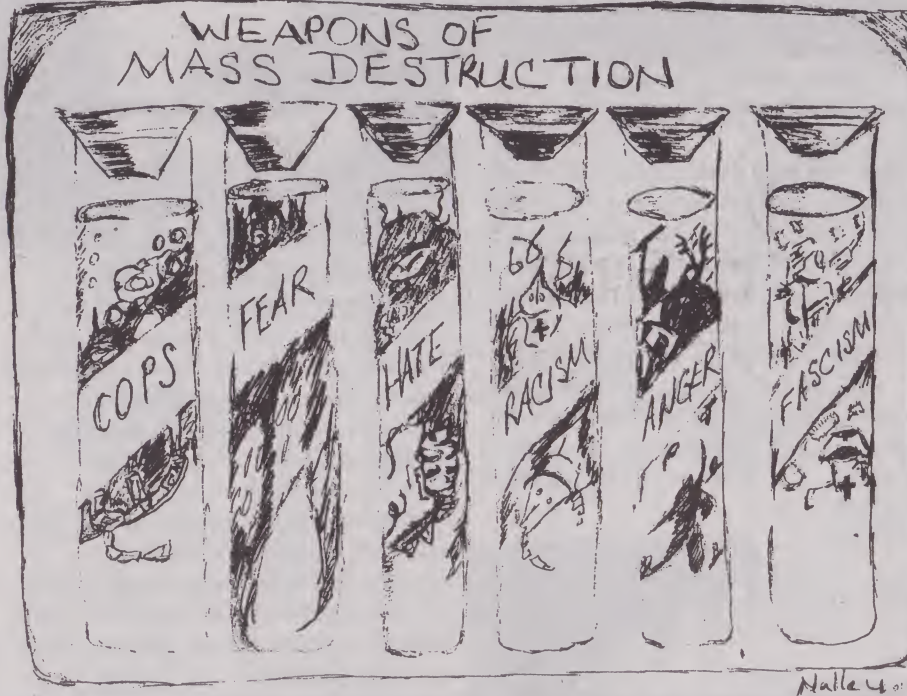
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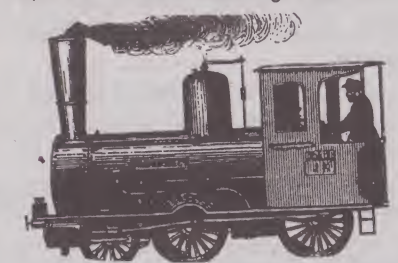
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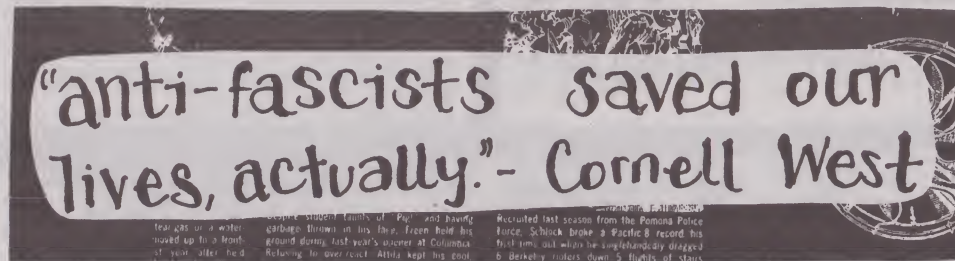
Through conscious misinformation — a form of psychological warfare — the police can and do disorient and paralyze our base of support. For

groups that are clearly outnumbered by fascists prepared to do them harm. On August 11, 2017, the day before Heather Heyer was murdered, a group of interfaith clergy from all over the country had gathered in a Charlottesville church ahead of Alt-right demonstrations that weekend. At the end of the service, white supremacists surrounded the church with torches, threatening those inside. Police failed to intervene, but Anti-fascists arrived and pushed the white supremacists back, defending the clergy and churchgoers. Cornell West, who was inside the church, told Amy Goodman that Antifa saved the lives of the clergy.

The same weekend, Alt-right men surrounded teacher and hip hop artist DeAndre Harris, beating him within an inch of his life. Video footage, aired on national television, clearly showed that cops were watching from the police station across the street, but failed to intervene. Astoundingly, police put out a warrant for DeAndre, who turned himself in



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protesters from using poles to carry banners, commonly used in nonviolent demonstrations, and then arrested many of them for "possession of a banned weapon" and unspecified "crimes". The city was attempting to disarm Antifa to the point where we couldn't have a sign on the end of a stick!

(3) Police have framed up, assaulted, and arrested Anti-fascist protestors, while carefully avoiding arresting white supremacists, even those who have criminal records. In 2019 a public records request revealed that Portland

instance, when responding to violence perpetrated by fascist individuals against anti-fascist demonstrators, law enforcement have suppressed evidence, failed to charge the perpetrators and instead engaged in profound acts of victim blaming — bringing charges against victims and misleading the public to believe that the anti-fascists are actually the violent ones. Yet, because of broad public support for Anti-fascist demonstrators, those charges often don't stick. The Berkeley 5 are anti-racist protesters who were accused of

Four cops in a water moved up in a boat of vent after he d

several student family of "Poi" and having garbage thrown in his face. From held his ground during last year's summer at Columbia. Refusing to leave racist Antifa kept his head

Recruited last season from the Pomona Police Force, Schlock broke a Pacific 8 record his first time out when he singlehandedly dragged a Berkeley rioter down 5 flights of stairs

"anti-fascists saved our lives, actually." - Cornell West

teargas or a water cannon. When he was hit, he fell to the ground. A crowd of people gathered around him. He was taken to a hospital. He died a few days later.

Recalled last season from the Pomona Police Station, Schick broke a practice record his first time out when he singlehandedly dragged 6 Berkeley rioters down 5 flights of stairs.

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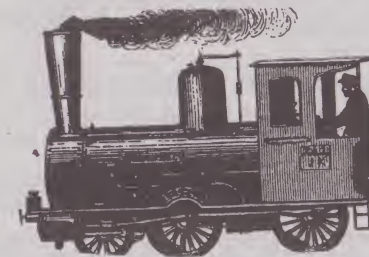
(3) Police have framed up, assaulted, and arrested Anti-fascist protestors, while carefully avoiding arresting white supremacists, even those who have criminal records. In 2019 a public records request revealed that Portland police had been amicably texting for years with Patriot Prayer organizers and had, on at least one occasion, coordinated directly with the organizers to warn them personally before arresting them, allowing the white

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over the country had gathered in a Charlottesville church ahead of Alt-right demonstrations that weekend. At the end of the service, white supremacists surrounded the church with torches, threatening those inside. Police failed to intervene, but Anti-fascists arrived and pushed the white supremacists back, defending the clergy and churchgoers. Cornell West, who was inside the church, told Amy Goodman that Antifa saved the lives of the clergy.

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use in hate crimes across the board. The way it shows up against Jews is different than the way it shows up against other communities, but all communities are targeted by white supremacy and white nationalism. And so, our response is to come together with other



communities that are targeted." Sasson is pushing back against the state's efforts to pit two communities who are both threatened by fascists — Jews and African Americans — against one another.

We have to stop aiding our enemies by repeating their narratives. They are not our political analysts. But how do you know the police are lying?

If they're talking they're lying.

AT THE HOTEL VILLAHERMOSA

Continued from Page 1

taking buses and trains, trying to get to the US. Hundreds of dead bodies littered along the way.

There are at least five thousand people in their situation in México today, mostly in the small city of Tapachula in Chiapas, as it is the closest estación to the Southern border with Guatemala. They are trying to gain refugee status in an attempt to get away from the brutal French-speaking government of Cameroon that has been killing them for years over sovereignty, territorial, and resource disputes.

In the face of this estación, though, nearly everyone was equal. Forbidding walls rising

twenty feet into the sky. No natural light, no fresh air, and no legal support. Four toilets and four showers, which worked sporadically, for more than two hundred men. The smell of hundreds of sweating bodies melding with the scent of the pile of styrofoam containers of leftover food from the previous meal. One ninety-second phone call per day to reach the outside world, whether family or consulate. Finger-sized cockroaches with free rein. And the pleasure of arriving during the rainy season in Tabasco, which meant flooding and soaked clothes and bedding on a daily basis, often in the middle of the night. On top of this were abusive guards, who would only grant access

to a locked bathroom when they felt like it.

I must admit that I was treated better by the immigration officials than everyone else. As the lone white person there, the only gringo, I was a curiosity. They asked me about myself, wondered about Canada, and generally was dealt with as a human rather than a number. Being able to speak Spanish also meant that I could communicate with everyone and that, after a few days, I became the official translator for the Cameroonians and Ghanaians, since they had been provided none.

In fact, the first West African man there, who spent most of his days crying over his

disappeared family back home, had sat for nearly four weeks before I arrived. He had been periodically brought in for interviews, but since he spoke only English and French, and they only Spanish, he was left to rot. No translator, no attempt to help him. Just waiting in a dour concrete prison with no idea what to do next. When I arrived I was happy to help, although being placed in the position of both prisoner and unpaid employee was certainly not ideal.

A recent report from the La Comisión Nacional de los Derechos Humanos (CNDH) stated that most of these Estaciones Migratorias in México are well beyond

A DAY IN A PRISON CLASSROOM

By LB

The training seminar lasted for hours, with 30 of us sitting in a dark room staring at a series of outdated videos. The guard in charge of the seminar, a bored man in his 40's, kept flitting into the room and silently putting on a new video each time the previous one ended (and then leaving again: he explained to us at the end that he had seen them so frequently that he avoided watching them now, if he could help it). They were antiquated, almost comically so— sexist language pervasive, even in the anti-sexual harassment video.

None of this particularly bothered my fellow volunteers, teachers, sponsors (and otherwise

markers or pencils. No staples, either, so the lesson plans that we print out and give to each student are loose-leafed and we do our writing on the back, or in margins, taking whatever space we can. No phones, so I bring a watch

and set it on the table between my co-teacher and me. We only have an hour.

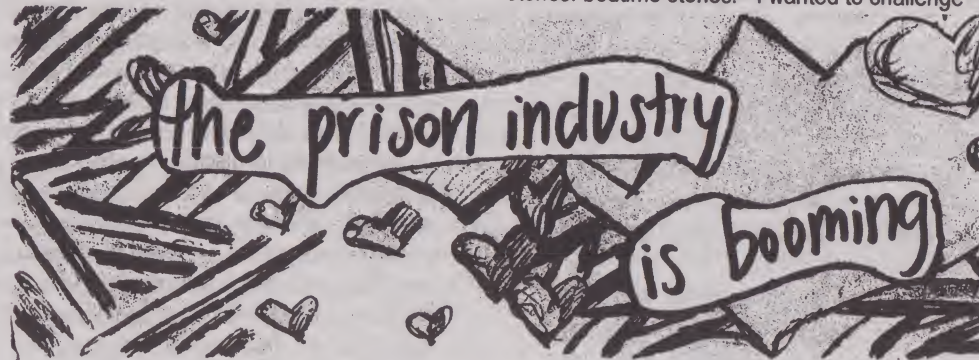
My first lesson was about folklore and fairytales. Prior to teaching, I was worried about how the students would react— fairytales and folklore have been almost infantilized in our culture these days, with most of the strange, dark tales from across cultures turned into feel-good, happily-ever-after stories: bedtime stories. I wanted to challenge

streamlined, money-making juggernaut; how myths and stories passed down orally from peasants all over the world were turned into a multi-billion dollar industry (Disney, any superhero/myth story, organized religion, etc.), how *something similar was happening to them*— not that I was allowed to say that. The economic intricacies of detention centers are not something I am supposed to be even remotely knowledgeable about, and while mine and my peers personally hold more radical views of the industrialized prison system, we're all overtly wary of vocalizing those views: we don't want our access to classes or the kids revoked, finding ourselves dancing between thought-suppression and diplomacy, choosing bland words carefully, thoughtfully, while discussing the work we do.

Teaching these kids is nerve-wracking, or it is for me. The transient nature of jail means I don't see the same group for very long— weeks, maybe months, but only for an hour at a time, which isn't long enough to make any sort of purposeful connection. Some days they're pulled from the program because of some supposed infraction, too, the jail effectively withholding education and expression as a form of punishment. How are we supposed to incentivize people, some with trauma-riddled backgrounds to tell their stories, to tell them their stories are worthwhile and valuable, if they're not allowed through the literal door?

For so long, our culture has cherished an 'out of sight, out of mind' view of folks caught in the incarceration system— that is, we don't see their voices as valid: we see them as

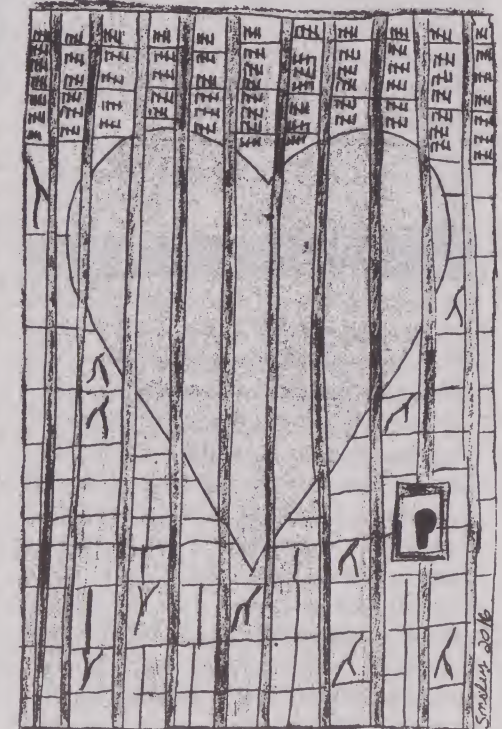
coming from these pockets of people because it hasn't been valued. When we *do* see the odd piece of creative work from prisoners, it tends to invariably be in either one of two forms: through the standalone autobiographical work of overcoming the prison system, or as a collection together in a prison-only anthology, which, while doing necessary work, has the unfortunate



civilian positions) and me in the detention center training seminar— we laughed at the absurdity of it all later. But every one of us clocked the casual language describing the commodification of prisoners in these old videos:

The prison industry is booming, the jocular TV series host beamed at us, informing us that the industry is growing so rapidly that a career in detention services was sure to be economically lucrative. Now prisons are being

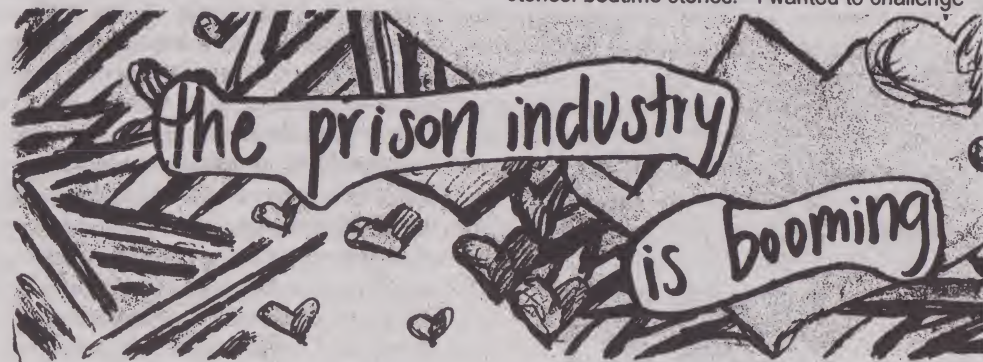
that notion for the students, that something could have been so warped from its original state to be turned into something entirely different. We read Goethe, we read Nikita Gill, we read the Brothers Grimm and listened to Black Sabbath (Fairies Wear Boots). It felt purposeful, a parallel: these inmates were the most financially valuable members of the detention center: being out-of-county juveniles, a former guard told me, the county received hundreds of dollars to house them per night



consequence of creative ghettoization— that is, most creative work from those incarcerated tends to be featured exclusively in publications for that purpose. The larger art and literature

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The prison industry is booming, the jocular TV series host beamed at us, informing us that the industry is growing so rapidly that a career in detention services was sure to be economically lucrative: *New prisons are being built and filled daily—this is an excellent financial opportunity!*

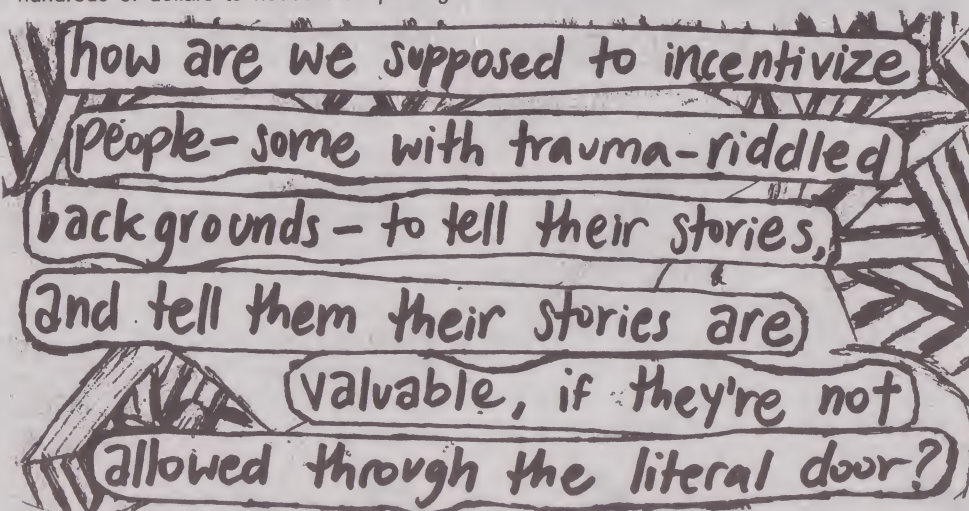
This commodification remains rampant in our society, where prisoners are financially and economically valuable to their respective counties or prisons, but are still not seen as fully human: that is, the idea that other than the dollar-value of their body being inside a prison, there is nothing else of worth from people who are incarcerated.

I work for a local, rural non-profit that teaches creative writing and literature to inmates at my town's juvenile detention facility. These kids are, in turn, creative, brilliant, frustrating. Some days, lessons get thrown out the window and we sit and chat. Many days, we read poetry, watch spoken word videos, write stories and essays and read excerpts and passages out loud to each other. When I come to the JDC for each lesson I have to relinquish all of my belongings in a little cubby

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The former guard told me that's how the detention centers "made their money."

That sense of commodification was horrifying, and explained why inmates that

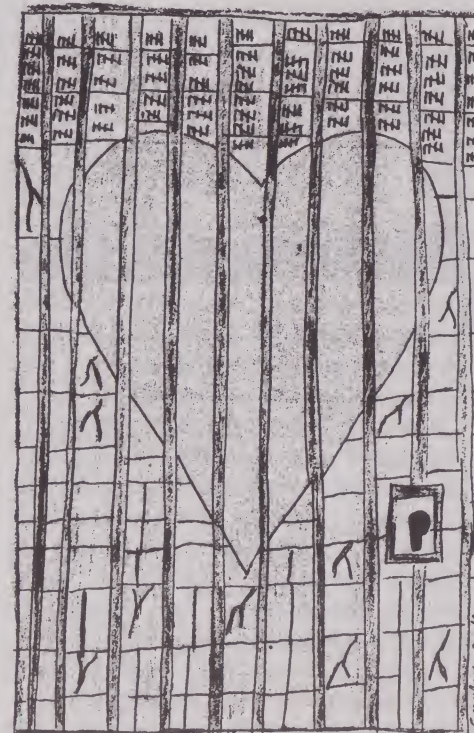
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Teaching these kids is nerve-wracking, or it is for me. The transient nature of jail means I don't see the same group for very long— weeks, maybe months, but only for an hour at a time, which isn't long enough to make any sort of purposeful connection. Some days they're pulled from the program because of some supposed infraction, too, the jail effectively withholding education and expression as a form of punishment. How are we supposed to incentivize people, some with trauma-riddled backgrounds to tell their stories, to tell them their stories are worthwhile and valuable, if they're not allowed through the literal door?

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having nothing to say, or if they do say something, it's not worth listening to. We dehumanize people in prison, debasing them to their worst moments, or their bad decisions,

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consequence of creative ghettoization— that is, most creative work from those incarcerated tends to be featured exclusively in publications for that purpose. The larger art and literature industries have closed themselves off to publishing or showcasing work from people in the prison system, which is to massive detriment for *both* the industry *and* the person incarcerated, and only furthers the dehumanization prisoners already experience. These industries are slowly starting to allow other marginalized identities to have a voice; people in prison *need* to be part of the voices being spotlighted and celebrated, and we need to start doing necessary art and literary educational work inside all incarceration facilities in order to facilitate and encourage this coax into the larger creative arena.

For a deeper dive into publication of creative work coming out of detention facilities, check out The Beat Within (thebeatwithin.org); PEN America (pen.org); ABO Comics (abocomix.com). Books spotlighting incarceration include "Solitary," by Albert Woodfox; "False Starts" by Michael Braly; "American Prison" by Shane Bauer. To donate

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That sense of commodification was horrifying, and explained why inmates that lived hours north or east had landed in our small town. I wanted to showcase how something small and twisted and odd and sometimes dangerous had turned into a

having nothing to say, or if they do say something, it's not worth listening to. We dehumanize people in prison, debasing them to their worst moments, or their bad decisions, not considering their creativity, their trauma, the ways they view the world, their survival instincts—and through the decades we've seen minimal amounts of creative expression

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INSIDE AN IMMIGRATION DETENTION CENTER

capacity, many holding 300% more than they should.¹ Villahermosa is part of a system of nearly sixty such facilities, run both federally and by the thirty-two individual states.

The refugee crisis in Cameroon has certainly contributed to this overcrowding, but much of it stems from President Donald Trump's July 2019 decision to outsource his country's immigration problem to México. By supporting and funding further crackdowns south of the border, he has essentially dumped the issue into the laps of Mexican officials who are more than happy to take the new jobs and money. Like the private prisons of the United States, these facilities have a vested interest in remaining full. And while similar facilities in the

US have been the focus of exposés, pushing the issue into México has meant that this is happening outside the purview of the mainstream American press.

Trump has also managed to exploit a country where wages are depressed, human rights defenders are overstrained, and a deep antipathy toward Central Americans already exists. To this end, the US pledged \$10.6 Billion to curb Central American migration at the end of 2018². All these factors together help to create the perfect breeding ground for this kind of abusive detention center.

While this narrative could be explained with governments and policies, it is also a human story. It is the story of men escaping a war at

home only to be imprisoned in a place they don't understand. It is the story of a Honduran man falling off of a train, having his legs severed at the knee, and then being dumped in a prison-room with children who are then charged with tending to his infected wounds. And it is the tale of thousands of people being told that their desire to work hard and provide for their families is not enough to be treated with respect.

I was only in the facility for a matter of weeks before I was able to acquire an emergency visa to return home. But many others are not so lucky, and often remain without rights nor aid for months on end. And things are getting worse, not better, as the US

floods more money into México for more checkpoints, more roadblocks, and more immigration police.

Perhaps the sadder truth is the answer I heard time and time again when I asked the men what they would do when they returned home:

"I will spend a night or two, and then I will turn around and come right back. What other choice do I have?"

If you or someone you know is struggling to gain status in Canada, or to work through the immigration system of another country, you can contact No One Is Illegal at: nooneisillegal@riseup.net for more information and/or legal advice.

THE Grief OF Gentrification

Continued from Page 1

shoulder. I looked at my friends, and gestured to them, saying, "They're also from here. Of course we're real!" As comical as it sounds, the comment was vaguely insulting. You want to talk about "real", why don't we acknowledge the Native North Americans who still live here, too?

It's a common misconception that the Native Americans disappeared. We rarely consider the assimilation of Native people into the urban mainstream, or the reservations which Natives may call home, miles from their ancestral origins. Read Tommy Orange's latest novel, *There There*, a fantastic representation of

Native Americans in modern-day Oakland. There may be a lack of media covering Native culture beyond the stereotypes we see in pop culture, such as racist sports mascots.

When I was in fourth grade, my teacher Mr. Chard taught us about the Ohlone, a Bay Area tribe. We went on walking field trips to canyons and lagoons, collecting acorns or watching birds flit about the wild reeds. We studied the Ohlone's tule reed and redwood bark homes and built small models of their villages. We also learned about Ishi's cave, a shrine nestled in the cliffs of Mount Sutro. During the 19th century, a series of battles between the U.S. army and Indigenous tribes sent survivors into hiding. Ishi was kept in the campus museum as an exhibit by UC Berkeley, working as a janitor while his homeland irrevocably changed. By looking back on the past century,

enforced patterns of urban planning that are detrimental to cities being lively networks of history and culture.

I always grow anxious as a passenger, stuck in traffic riding over the 280 North. High-rise condominiums in Mission Bay loom over the freeway, a tight grid complete with LED streetlights uniformly dotting a sterile, soulless path. Redevelopment is everywhere, catering to the mass migration of out-of-state corporate tech workers. As a child, I used to see marshy wetlands out the window, a smokestack on the horizon, brick warehouses; industry crossed

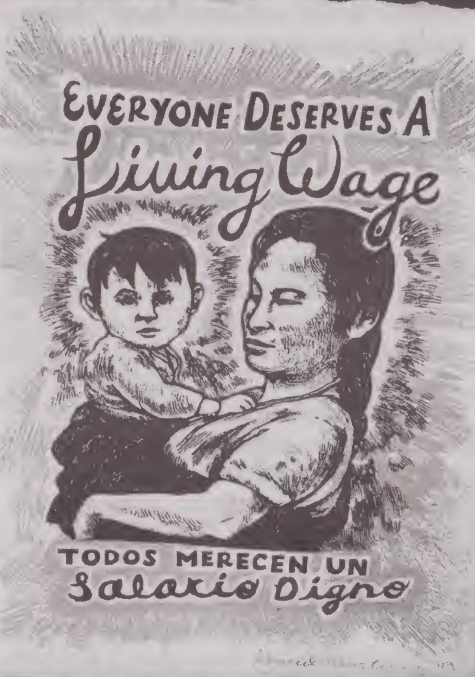
screening of *Lost in America* (2019), a documentary on the neglect of youth homelessness. In 2017, the first study on this subject revealed 4 million unaccompanied youth, living out on the street.

At first, I felt a level, grounded sensation as participants in the sleep-out joined in solidarity with advocates at Here There homeless encampment, standing on their patch of land, holding hands and singing "We Shall Overcome", an old spiritual I learned as a child. Folks shared why they were there; one young mother said, "I feel homeless, even though I live with my mom in my hometown of San Francisco." One thing I realized while lying in the parking lot: two yoga mats barely made the concrete surface any less hard, and cardboard would be better. My face was cold, and I wore gloves, a scarf and socks. I was crying quietly at 3:00 AM. Outside on that gray tarp, as the stars shone, I was thinking too much. I was remembering the past and worrying about the present. I was

unoccupied. As stated on Causa Justa/Just Cause's plea to expand rent control, "Because of Costa Hawkins, tenants in the community are divided by who has rent control and who doesn't. People are afraid to give up their current rent-controlled apartments because it is now exorbitantly expensive to move to a new place." When everyone and everything there was gone, the apartment stood as a cold, empty shell, waiting to be filled.

Luz and her family moved northeast of San Francisco to one of the last towns on the BART line, settling in during the winter holiday season. They were able to buy their own house, complete with a large yard, fireplace, and bedrooms for everyone. During Thanksgiving, Luz, her brother Plato, his childhood friend Lio and I went to the movies. I hadn't seen Lio for almost seven years, and was surprised to see he's on disability, walking with a crutch. He cracks jokes, lively and mischievously. Within the same timeline as Luz and Plato, Lio's family was hit with an arbitrary \$600 rent increase this January that may push them out of their home. Displacement is absolutely heartbreaking.

We helped Tetris boxes of belongings into the family's rented moving van, and drove with them to unpack in their new home. We passed by scenery fluctuating between new high-rise apartments by the BART tracks, and one-story bungalows filling suburban gridded neighborhoods. We reached "cow country", and the vast open fields evoked a primal sense of loneliness and calm satisfaction. Many of their neighbors from the Mission are also



disconnected, confused, lost: revisiting the part of myself that was scared of feeling too much. I noticed my big heart. Change on its own is inevitable, but is different from injustice. I weigh the events of the past. I reflect on these memories, the love, the confusion, the bridging of boundaries and the dissolution of borders.

talk about fear, and the Native North Americans who still live here, too?

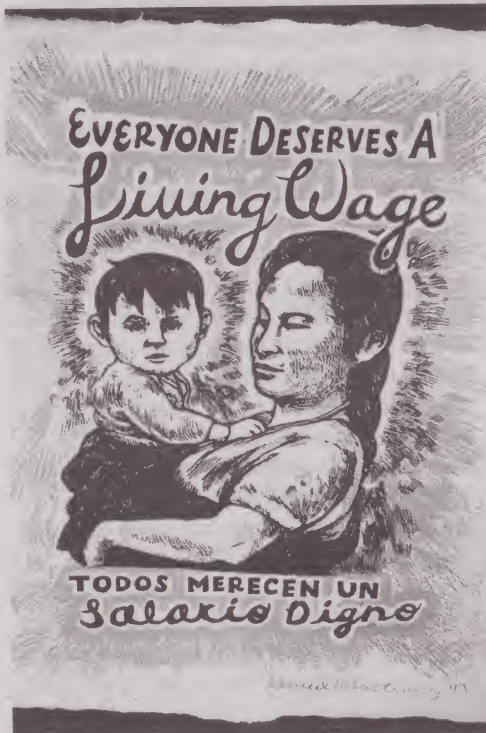
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Following WWII, the Great Migration of African-Americans led from the deep South to Oakland and the Fillmore District of San Francisco, where they worked in the shipping industry and established strong black-owned businesses. The African-American population in San Francisco peaked at 100,000 in 1970. For fifty years following, however, they have been forced out of their homes and neighborhoods. Justin Herman of the San Francisco Redevelopment Agency engineered "urban renewal" to widen Geary Boulevard and turn family homes into parking lots on over 60 city blocks that were demolished. The SFRA

the freeway, a tight grid complete with LED streetlights uniformly dotting a sterile, soulless path. Redevelopment is everywhere, catering to the mass migration of out-of-state corporate tech workers. As a child, I used to see marshy wetlands out the window, a smokestack on the horizon, brick warehouses; industry crossed



with the beautiful wilderness of open land. Cooped up in a car, neck-and-neck with thousands of other vehicles on the freeway, I breathe a sigh of relief when I see the gritty sidewalks of 9th and Bryant again.

Grief. That's the word I finally identify with what I'm feeling. It surfaced during the night of November 16, while I lay curled up in a borrowed green sleeping bag, on two yoga mats and a gray tarp covering the parking lot of an organization that provides art classes and job training for underserved youth. Youth Spirit Artworks (YSA) hosted a "sleep-out" complete with a poetry reading and film

participants in the sleep-out joined in solidarity with advocates at Here There homeless encampment, standing on their patch of land, holding hands and singing "We Shall Overcome", an old spiritual I learned as a child. Folks shared why they were there; one young mother said, "I feel homeless, even though I live with my mom in my hometown of San Francisco." One thing I realized while lying in the parking lot: two yoga mats barely made the concrete surface any less hard, and cardboard would be better. My face was cold, and I wore gloves, a scarf and socks. I was crying quietly at 3:00 AM. Outside on that gray tarp, as the stars shone, I was thinking too much. I was remembering the past and worrying about the present. I was



disconnected, confused, lost: revisiting the part of myself that was scared of feeling too much. I noticed my big heart. Change on its own is inevitable, but is different from injustice. I weigh the events of the past. I reflect on these memories, the love, the confusion, the bridging of boundaries and the dissolution of borders. What the sleepless night at YSA taught me was that instability from losing one's home is harsh. Where do we go when the last safe place is gone?

I had left the rent-controlled apartment I shared with over 25 different roommates in my early twenties. Living there was a roller-coaster of joy and misery. I was the last original tenant and therefore, Costa-Hawkins, the California law that restricts rent control measures on certain kinds of tenancies, allowed my landlord to raise the rent to market value once I moved. My roommates were displaced, and if I hadn't found new tenants to sign on, they would charge me every month the apartment stood

is now exorbitantly expensive to move to a new place." When everyone and everything there was gone, the apartment stood as a cold, empty shell, waiting to be filled.

Luz and her family moved northeast of San Francisco to one of the last towns on the BART line, settling in during the winter holiday season. They were able to buy their own house, complete with a large yard, fireplace, and bedrooms for everyone. During Thanksgiving, Luz, her brother Plato, his childhood friend Lio and I went to the movies. I hadn't seen Lio for almost seven years, and was surprised to see he's on disability, walking with a crutch. He cracks jokes, lively and mischievously. Within the same timeline as Luz and Plato, Lio's family was hit with an arbitrary \$600 rent increase this January that may push them out of their home. Displacement is absolutely heartbreaking.

We helped Tetris boxes of belongings into the family's rented moving van, and drove with them to unpack in their new home. We passed by scenery fluctuating between new high-rise apartments by the BART tracks, and one-story bungalows filling suburban gridded neighborhoods. We reached "cow country", and the vast open fields evoked a primal sense of loneliness and calm satisfaction. Many of their neighbors from the Mission are also facing eviction notices. They need unions, better income distribution, and public resistance. But, Luz is going to be okay. We'll miss this city.

Are you a resident of the Bay Area? Are you facing eviction? Here are several resources:

-*Causa Justa/Just Cause*: "We fight grassroots campaigns to win immigrant rights and housing rights and work toward building a larger movement for social transformation." <https://cjjc.org/>

-*San Francisco Tenants Union*: "Through drop-in counseling services and the distribution of the Tenants Rights Handbook, the SFTU has helped thousands of San Francisco renters stay in their homes." <https://www.sftu.org/>

get out of that box!

African-Americans led from the deep South to Oakland and the Fillmore District of San Francisco, where they worked in the shipping industry and established strong black-owned businesses. The African-American population in San Francisco peaked at 100,000 in 1970. For fifty years following, however, they have been forced out of their homes and neighborhoods. Justin Herman of the San Francisco Redevelopment Agency engineered "urban renewal" to widen Geary Boulevard and turn family homes into parking lots on over 60 city blocks that were demolished. The SFRA

Cooped up in a car, neck-and-neck with thousands of other vehicles on the freeway, I breathe a sigh of relief when I see the gritty sidewalks of 9th and Bryant again.

Grief. That's the word I finally identify with what I'm feeling. It surfaced during the night of November 16, while I lay curled up in a borrowed green sleeping bag, on two yoga mats and a gray tarp covering the parking lot of an organization that provides art classes and job training for underserved youth. Youth Spirit Artworks (YSA) hosted a "sleep-out" complete with a poetry reading and film

place is gone?

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get out of that box!

By Teresa

I haven't driven a car in sixteen years. Before you get all excited, I should admit, I did *not* quit the car habit for selfless environmental reasons. The decision was made for me when I was in my mid-20s and I developed a form of epilepsy that prevents me from driving. Bicycling turned out to be a good alternative, as well as buses, trains, and light rail. As I've gotten older, the seizure disorder has for the most part subsided, but now I can't imagine myself ever wanting to own a car.

Bicycle culture and public transportation are a magical gateway into public life. Riding your bicycle, you get to take in the sights and smells of the city—the gentle scent of bread rising at the anarcho-syndicalist bakery, the setting sun offering itself up to you without a screen of glass between you and it. When you're on a bike, *you're there*. Wildly, radically *there*. And riding the BART train is like that too. Crammed into one of those wailing sardine can cars you might unexpectedly bump eyes with a dear friend you forgot you've been missing, or maybe you'll encounter some wingnut from the



infoshop who will talk your ear off about 9-11 conspiracies the whole way to the Mission District, but either way, it's a far more meaningful and personal experience than sitting alone in a traffic box listening to some bottled form of "connection-like-substance" such as the radio or a podcast.

Riding on public transport, you get into the rhythms of the city, into the strange respirations of leisure and labor and resistance. Your BART experience will be radically different depending on whether there's a Raiders game going on, a protest in

the city, or it's just the typical Tuesday commuter crowd. Sometimes you'll find yourself in a packed BART car next to that barista from the anarchist coffee shop as she leans in to tell you that next week she and some other very brave ladies are going to take their shirts off in public and step into an Oakland intersection to block traffic because #SayHerName. God dammit, *say her name!* Because you're on BART, and you're in community, and the train is just so damn loud going through that tunnel under the Bay there's

no way in hell the NSA is going to be able to parse that shit, and also, damn, I will not lie, as she told me this I was blushing. (That's probably my second favorite random BART experience, second only to the Valentine's Day I rode with a lover to the annual pillow fight in the San Francisco Embarcadero—the entire BART car was filled with people hugging pillows, everyone chatting like old friends, as we all got ready to burst off the train and begin walloping each other with pillows! What a fun day!)

Driving would have robbed me of ten-thousand hours of connecting with my community, of emergent, spontaneous interactions and connections that helped make me feel at home on this planet, moments that have defined by 20s and early 30s. Yeah, having epilepsy is shitty, but every time life shifts on you, there's at least compost; there's at least some new dirt where things can grow.

Life without driving is a grand and beautiful adventure, and for those who want to let go of their carbon-emitting activities, there are a number of amazing alternatives out there, if you'll just take a chance.

Get out of that box, yo! It's really nice out here.

Slingshot Collective would like to acknowledge that this article reflects the author's experience and not all people with disabilities are able to ride bikes.

first THE THEN THE D I S H E S !



UPDATES on RADICAL SPACES™ all over

Compiled by Jesse D. Palmer

Making *Slingshot* would be impossible without work space at the Long Haul infoshop in Berkeley, a modest radical library with a funky meeting space, overflowing boxes of zines and a lot of dirty dishes. Long Haul just turned 40 years old and it's still going strong! (But we could use help staffing a few shifts.)

The radical spaces we create seek personal and social transformation and freedom. Each space exists on its own, but together spread over the globe, they help form a decentralized network building alternatives to the death machine based on love, cooperation and fun. Here are some new spaces and corrections to the 2020 *Slingshot* Organizer's radical contact list, which aspires to collect as many liberated spaces as possible to help guide your travels and organizing. Please send any corrections or additions you know about. An updated on-line version is at *Slingshot's* website.

Cat's Claw – New Orleans, LA

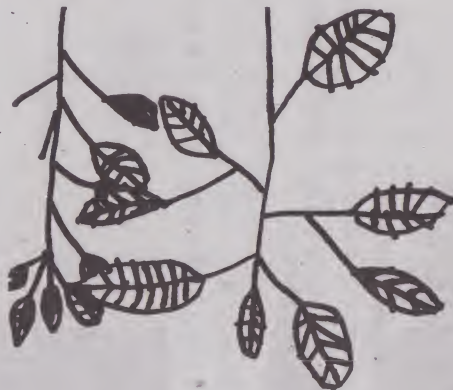
An organizing space, information center and meeting place for New Orleans activists and the DIY community with books, zines and harm reduction resources. 2221 St. Claude (next to the Fair Grinds coffee shop.) catsclawcollective@proton-mail.com

Blacklidge Community Collective – Tucson, AZ

A space with a free library, zine collection,

biblio>media:take! mobile infoshop – Vienna, Austria

They distribute zines, stickers, books, shirts etc. regarding anarchy-feminism, queer, self-empowerment, creative action forums, political and social struggles and movements, DIY/commons, ecology/sustainability, from mobile locations including augasse 2-6, 1090 Wien, infoladen.kukuma.org, bibliomediatake@riseup.net

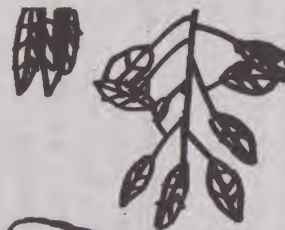


Gólya - Budapest, Hungary

Leftist community house with a big concert room. 1089, Budapest, Orczy út 46-48

Corrections to the 2020 *Slingshot* Organizer

- The Bellingham Alternative Library has moved to 1309 Billy Frank Junior St. Bellingham, WA 98225.
- The Center for Sustainable Living in Indiana no longer has a physical address. You can



- El Bar De Ciro on Jirón Quilca in Lima, Peru – where "most rockthrowing kids drink after a riot" – has closed. We will let you know when we figure out where the rockthrowing kids are drinking now.

Plus a lot more spaces in Europe...

No descriptions but these all come recommended – send us info if you visit:

we will let you know when we figure out where the rockthrowing kids in Lima Peru are drinking now

- Syndikalistriskt Forum: Linnegatan 21, vån 3, 41304 Göteborg, Sweden
- Bokcafé i Jönköping: Svavelsticksgränd 7, 553 15 Jönköping, Sweden
- Bokcafé Pilgatan: Pilgatan 14, 903 31 Umeå, 090-12 18 30, Sweden pilgatan.se

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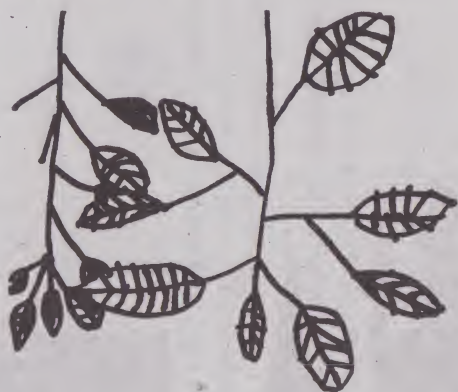
A space with a free library, zine collection, internet and public restroom that hosts punk shows, poetry readings, support groups, book clubs, coffee and tea socials, Spanish classes, game nights & presentations. They have harm reduction supplies, food, water, caffeine, first aid kits, and hygiene products. Open M-F 11-5, Sun 11-2. 3027 N. Stone Avenue Tucson, AZ 85705 520-622-8571 bcctucson.org

Anarres Infoshop & Community Space – Portland, OR

Anarchist free space that hosts events. They lost their previous space but just found this one. 6011 NE Oregon St. Ste 7 Portland, OR 97214

biblio>media:take! mobile infoshop – Vienna, Austria

They distribute zines, stickers, books, shirts etc. regarding anarchy-feminism, queer, self-empowerment, creative action forums, political and social struggles and movements, DIY/commons, ecology/sustainability, from mobile locations including augasse 2-6, 1090 Wien, infoladen.kukuma.org, bibliomediatake@riseup.net



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Clandestina - Havana, Cuba

Lesbian-owned clothing store that makes clothes for all genders with an emphasis on sustainable fashion and ethical clothing production. They host parties and fashion shows. Villegas 403 (between Teniente Rey and Mural) Habana Vieja, Cuba 10100, clandestina.co

Institute of Barbarian Books - Fukushima, Japan

Alternative space with a library and print shop. 2518-3 Kamiokinojira, Kaminojiri, Nishiazu, Yama-gun, Fukushima, 969-4512 Japan tel 080-4684-0130

Cuba Libro - Havana, Cuba

A coffee shop and English language bookshop

• El Bar De Ciro on Jirón Quilca in Lima, Peru – where "most rockthrowing kids drink after a riot" – has closed. We will let you know when we figure out where the rockthrowing kids are drinking now.

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- Bokcafé Projekttil: S:t Persgatan 22 B, 753 29 Uppsala, Sweden bokcafeprojekttil.se
- ETC bokcafé: St. Paulsgatan 14, 118 46 Stockholm, Sweden, etcbokcafestockholm
- Majkällaren: Spånehusvägen 62A, 214 39 Malmö, Sweden
- Kontrapunkt: Norra Grängesbergsgatan 28, 214 50 Malmö, Sweden, 0728 - 56 04 47, bygglove.nu/kontrapunkt
- Folkök Umeå: Hamnmagasinet, Västra Strandgatan 4, 903 26 Umeå, Sweden, folkok.se
- Joe Hill-gården: Nedre Bergsgatan 28, 802 51 GÄVLE, 026-65 26 41, Sweden, joehill.se
- Syndikalisteria bokhandel: LS Uppsala, Svartbäcksgatan 97, 753 35 Uppsala, Sweden, 018-69 46 89
- UFFA: Innherredsveien 69C, 7043 Trondheim, Norway
- 1000ERYD: Kattungat 10, 2000 Aslön

clubs, coffee and tea socials, Spanish classes, game nights & presentations. They have harm reduction supplies, food, water, caffeine, first aid kits, and hygiene products. Open M-F 11-5, Sun 11-2. 3027 N. Stone Avenue Tucson, AZ 85705 520-622-8571 bcctucson.org

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Lavender Library – Sacramento, CA

A research and information center for LGBTQI community that hosts events. 1414 21st st Sacramento, CA 95811 916-492-0558

Direct Action for Rights and Equality (DARE) – Providence, RI

A community organizing non-profit that hosts community events and operates campaigns. 340 Lockwood Street / Providence, RI 02907, 401-351-6960 daretowin.org

Bricolage Art Collective - Paducah, KY

An art gallery with a workshop and event space. 107 Market House Square, Paducah, KY 42001 bricolageartcollective.com

Cafe Con Libros – Brooklyn, NY

Feminist community bookstore and coffee Shop. 724 Prospect Pl, Brooklyn, NY 11216 347-460-2838

Alliance to Mobilize Our Resistance – Providence, RI

A coalition of people of color-led organizations, building a rapid resistance network against violence and hate crimes. They provide legal services to protect people from ICE and other law enforcement agencies and culturally competent psychological services. 669 Elmwood Ave. #13 / Providence, RI 02905, 401-675-1414

Clandestina - Havana, Cuba

Lesbian-owned clothing store that makes clothes for all genders with an emphasis on sustainable fashion and ethical clothing production. They host parties and fashion shows. Villegas 403 (between Teniente Rey and Mural) Habana Vieja, Cuba 10100, clandestina.co

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Cuba Libro - Havana, Cuba

A coffee shop and English language bookshop with an emphasis on being a safe space for queer folk. They host free events. Calle 24 between Calle 19 and Calle 21 in Vedado, La Habana, Cuba, cubalibrohavana.com



FERi Gallery - Budapest, Hungary

Independent feminist, antiracist and queer gallery. 1084, Budapest, Német utca 6

ISBN - Budapest, Hungary

Bookshop with underground books and journals that hosts events. 1084, Budapest, Vig utca 2

Auróra - Budapest, Hungary

Leftist community center where a bunch of NGOs are working, eg. Budapest Pride and Roma Press Center. They host screenings, workshops, exhibitions, trainings, concerts and a bar. 1084, Budapest, Auróra utca 11

send mail to POBox 1665, Bloomington, IN 47402, contact @simplycsl.org

- 1919 Hemphill in Fort Worth, TX closed.
- Resistencia Bookstore in Austin TX is now at 2000 Thrasher Ln, Austin, TX 78741.
- Inside Books Project is now at 3106 E. 14 1/2 St., Austin, Texas 78702.
- Hive Mind in Akron, OH closed. The goodbye message said the following venues are still going and although we don't know anything about them, the names alone are fun: Oakdale House, Blank Slate Elyria, It's a Kling Thing! House, Rubicon Cinema, The Dome in Kent, Akron Bless This Mess, Project Three Gallery, The Center, Live Music Now, East End, The Venue, The Moving Castle, Live From Emerald City, Yello House.
- Phosephene in Pt. Townsend, WA (listed in the last issue of *Slingshot* but not in the 2020 organizer) closed.

Stockholm, Sweden, etcbokcafe stockholm

- Majkällaren: Spånehusvägen 62A, 214 39 Malmö, Sweden
- Kontrapunkt: Norra Grängesbergsgatan 28, 214 50 Malmö, Sweden, 0728 - 56 04 47, bygglove.nu/kontrapunkt
- Folkök Umeå: Hamnmagasinet, Västra Strandgatan 4, 903 26 Umeå, Sweden, folkkok.se
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- UFFA: Innherredsveien 69C, 7043 Trondheim, Norway
- 1000FRYD: Kattesundet 10, 9000 Aalborg, Denmark Phone +45 20 95 06 66, 1000fryd.dk
- Paramount DIY: Eriksvej 40C, 4000 Roskilde, Denmark

- We got a report that On Pop Collective in Greensboro should no longer be listed.
- Faith House in Ontario, Canada is no longer a radical space.
- The Feminist Library has moved they are now at the Sojourner Truth Community Centre, 161 Sumner Road, Peckham, London SE15 6JL.
- The Kebele project in UK (Bristol) has changed its name - to BASE - explanation at network.23.org/kebele2/ourstory/
- Pelech Infoshop in Brno, Czech Republic and d-zona in Prague have both closed.

- BumZen: Baldersgade 20-22, 2200 Copenhagen, Denmark
- Kupoli: Mannerheimintie 5B, 7th Floor, 00100 Helsinki, Finland
- Mustan kanin kolo: Hämeentie 26, 00530 Helsinki, Finland+358 44 5779057

Slingshot free stuff

We'll send you a random assortment of back issues for the cost of postage. Send \$4 for 2 lbs. Free if you're an infoshop or library. slingshotcollective.org

2020 VISION

February 15 • 11 - 5 pm FREE ALL AGES
Dear diary zine fest - Berkeley City College, 2050 Center Berkeley

February 15 • all day FREE ALL AGES
Nisi Shawl, author, African American multi-media conference -
Oakland public library Melrose branch

February 22 • 5:30 - 8:30 pm
Oscar López Rivera, author, former political prisoner, and freedom
fighter - La Peña 3105 Shattuck, Berkeley

February 28
Richard Wolff on Understanding Socialism 2407 Dana, Berkeley

February 29 • 2 pm
Leap Day Action - gather at Berkeley BART - leapdayaction.org

March 6 - 15
Earth First!! Appalachian Climate Action Camp - West Virginia
along the path of the Mountain Valley Pipeline

March 8 FREE ALL AGES
International Women's Day

March 8 • 7 pm FREE ALL AGES
Party for 32 years of slingshot publishing - Long Haul 3124
Shattuck Ave. Berkeley slingshotcollective.org

March 11 • 7:30 pm
Gretchen Sorin on Driving While Black: African American Travel
and the Road to Civil Rights 1300 Grand Avenue, Piedmont, CA

March 13 - 8 pm FREE ALL AGES
East Bay Bike Party - BART tba eastbaybikeparty.wordpress.com

March 29 FREE ALL AGES
NYC Feminist Zine Fest Barnard College feministzinefestnyc.com

April 4 • 10:30 - 4:30 pm FREE ALL AGES
Milwaukee Zine Fest - library binderymke.com/milwaukeezinefest

April 20-22
Series of climate change protests around Earth Day details TBA

April 25 • 10 - 6:30 pm FREE ALL AGES
Bay Area Anarchist Book fair - Omni Commons 4799 Shattuck Ave.
Oakland bayareaanarchistbookfair.com

Late April FREE ALL AGES
51st Anniversary of People's Park concert, peoplespark.org

May 1 FREE ALL AGES
MAY DAY

May 15 - 16
Chicago Zine Fest - chicagozinefest.org

May 23 • noon - 6 pm FREE ALL AGES
Zinecinatti Zine Fest - 1212 jackson st. Cincinnati

May 24 • noon FREE ALL AGES
Judi Bari day: 30 year bombing remembrance - Park Blvd at
Macarthur, Oakland

May 24 FREE ALL AGES
Soupstock Food Not Bombs concert - celebrate 40 years of free
vegan food - Santa Cruz, CA santacruz.foodnotbombs.net

May 31 FREE ALL AGES
Los Angeles Zine Fest - Helms Bakery lazinefest.com

June 6 - 7 FREE ALL AGES
Help create the 2021 Slingshot Organizer 3124 Shattuck Berkeley

July 13 - 16 FREE ALL AGES
Protest the Democratic National Convention - Milwaukee, WI

August 24 - 27 FREE ALL AGES
Protest the Republican National Convention - Charlotte, NC

Summer
Rise Up! Youth Action Camp, Northern Calif. riseupcamp.org

August 16 • 7pm
Slingshot New Volunteer Meeting / article brainstorm - Long Haul
Infoshop, 3124 Shattuck Ave, Berkeley, CA

September 13 • 3pm
Article submission deadline for Slingshot issue 132